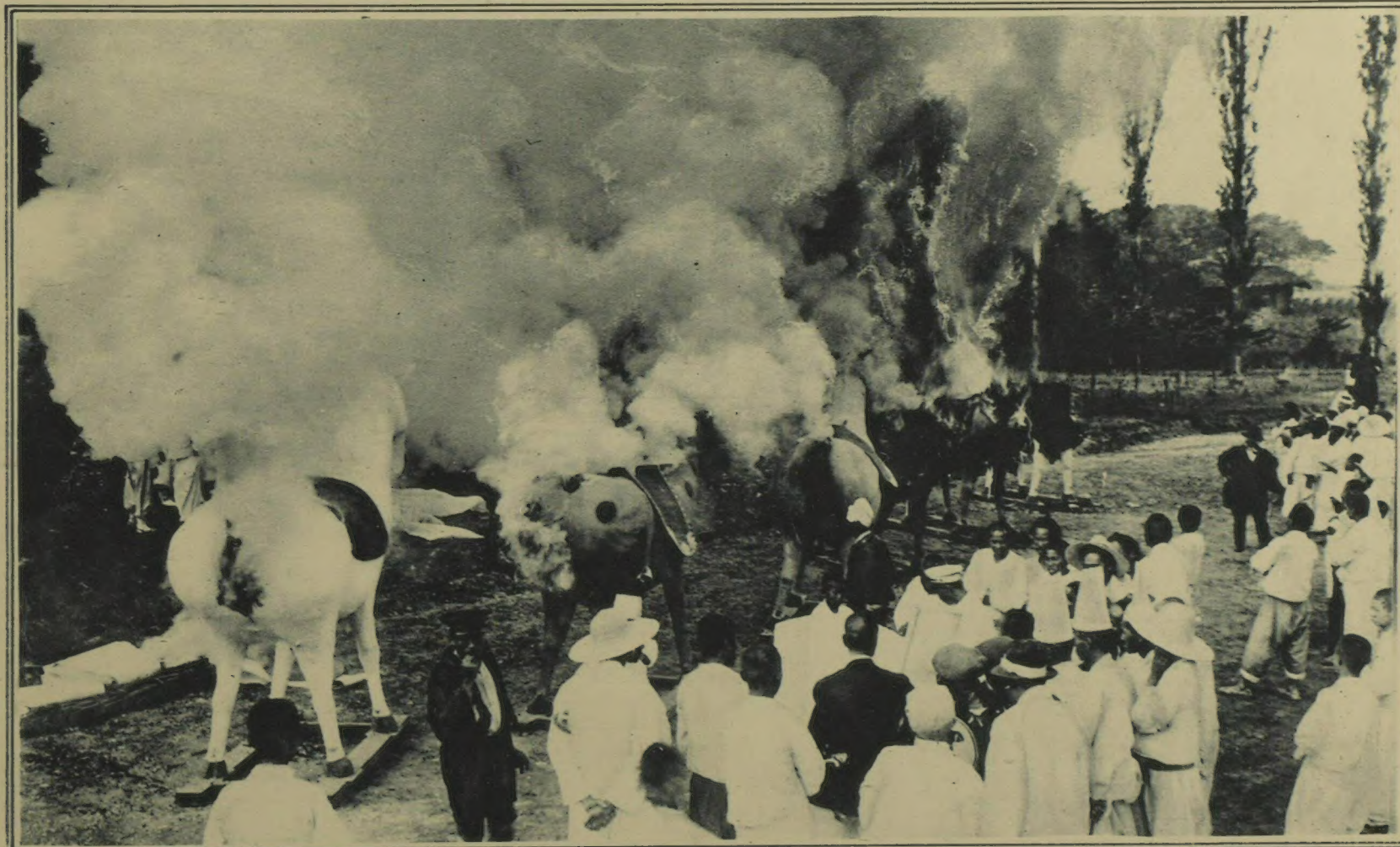


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1926.

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DUMMY HORSES BURNT THAT THEY MAY SERVE AS STEEDS FOR KOREA'S LAST EMPEROR IN THE NEXT WORLD : THE EFFIGIES IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF PRINCE YI ; AND ON FIRE AT THE TOMB.

When Korea came under Japanese sway, the Emperor of the ancient "Hermit Kingdom" became Prince, and it was as Prince Yi that the last Emperor, who died this year, was buried in state on June 10. The customary elaborate ceremonies were observed, and the Japanese authorities even permitted the display of the old Korean flag for the occasion. According to usage, eight

large dummy horses were included in the funeral procession from Seoul to the tomb on the mountain side, eight miles away; and there they were burned, in the belief that their living counterparts would follow their master into the next world for his use there. In other times, it may be noted, the actual animals would have been put to death, with their grooms and other servants.

* SECOND PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I AM not sure that we notice sufficiently how much the modern mind is not only chasing its own tail like a kitten, but biting its own tail like a snake. I mean that a modern idea, often quite a good idea, has a way of going round in a sort of détour, and coming back on itself, so as almost to destroy itself. It has changed so much in its travels that it has become almost the contrary of what it started out to be. There are a great many examples of this; one of the most curious can be seen in many modern novels. It is the way in which people have become inhuman out of sheer humanitarianism.

They began by saying (with very good authority, though often without the reason that went with the authority) that it is our duty to sympathise with everybody. Then they started sympathising, in an abnormally sensitive fashion, with abnormally sensitive people; and ended in actually sympathising with their lack of sympathy. First you were a Christian and were kind to the man whom all men hated. Then you were a Christian or humanitarian psychologist and sympathised with the man who hated all men. And then you practically ended up by being a misanthrope and hating all men yourself. At any rate, you ended up by having quite a disproportionate sympathy with the people who could not be sociable, and an entire lack of sympathy with the people who were sociable. The ordinary hearty human being, whom the humanitarian originally set out to like, became a sort of tyrant and persecutor to whom the artistic temperament need not even be just, let alone sympathetic. The Victorian hero became the villain of the modern novel, the man who was so sane and sensible that his very existence was an insult to the beautiful and precious lunatic for whom alone the world was made.

Out of a hundred such passages in a hundred such novels, I take one which I have just come upon by chance. A novelist describes with bitter irony and indignation the sad fate of a poet who had married a good housekeeper—

"Beauty was spoilt for Lesbia if there were untidiness about.

"Lesbia, Lesbia! Come and look at the sunset!" Often he would call to her, never thinking that she might be busy. But she was never impatient.

"One minute, Dickie, till I have finished tying down the jam; then I shall enjoy the sunset."

This is supposed to be a tragedy. It is written with withering sarcasm at the expense of Lesbia. It seems to me a good deal more of a comedy than the student of sunsets deserved. If she had said, "One minute, Dickie, till I have finished tying down the jam; and then I will clout you over the head with an old jam-pot," it may be that this would have been more soothing to the artistic temperament, and it would certainly have been more soothing to the feminine temper. But I strongly suspect that Dickie would have made a tragedy out of that too. But, really, one may well ask, what is humanity and the human fellowship coming to, if it is supposed to be unendurable torture to a man that his wife should tie down the jam, and a perfectly fiendish and heart-rending addition to the torture that she should do it without losing her temper? What is humanitarianism if it cannot reconcile two human beings because one of them is patient? If it were suggested that there was something trying, not in the wife's patience

but in the husband's impatience, it would at least be a conceivable though hardly a considerable cause of offence. But why are we only to be humane to the unreasonable person, and never humane to the reasonable person? Yet any number of novels about rising geniuses and misunderstood women are founded entirely on that antithesis. It seems to me very good-natured of Lesbia to promise to enjoy the sunset; especially as I have very

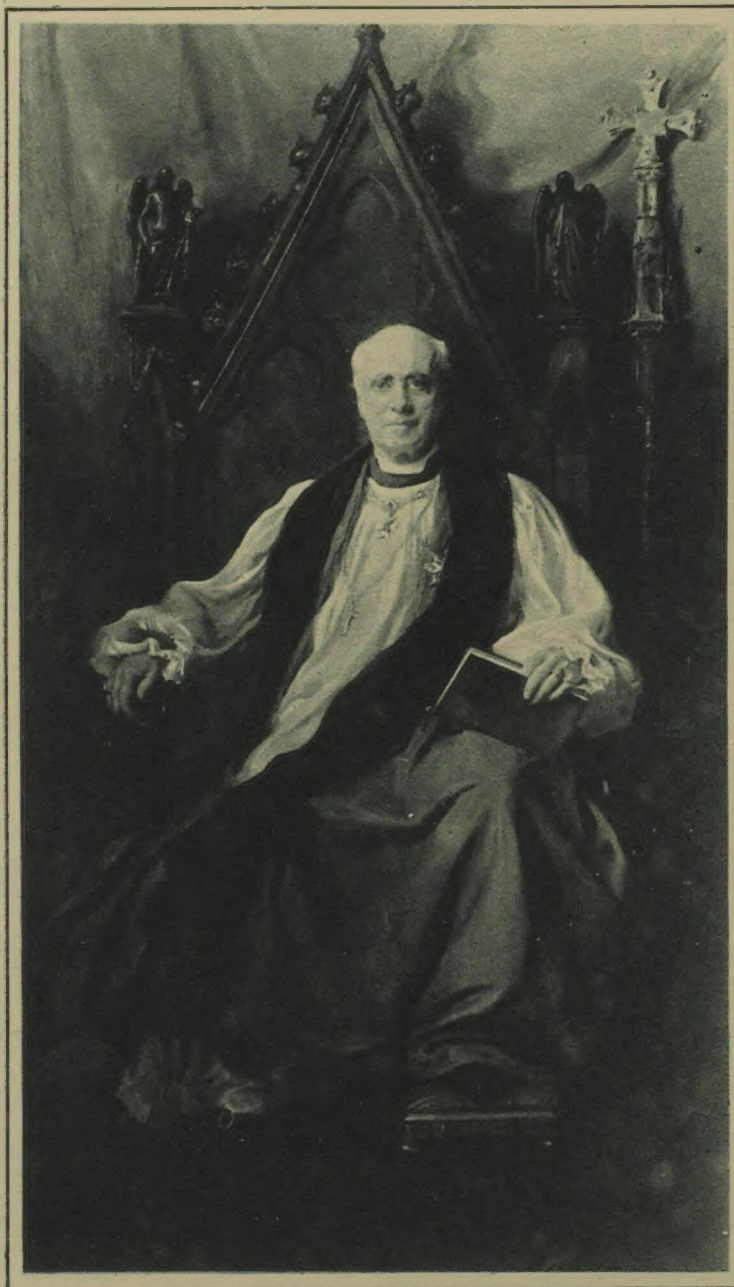
so much about civic things, is it impossible to be grateful simply for civility? Suppose Lesbia did not understand the gentleman's feelings about the sunset; upon what theory of moral philosophy was she under any obligation to understand them? But she was under an obligation to give a pleasant answer; and she did. Modern fiction of the more pretentious sort is crammed with sham puzzles and problems of that kind. It never seems to occur to the highly intellectual novelist that people ought to be able to get on with each other, even if they do not understand each other; as nobody can understand except God.

All these novels and notes of the day are full of queer physical revulsion. People in this world want to be divorced, not even for incompatibility of temper, but for individuality of feature or costume. Existence becomes an agony because somebody's ears stick out at a particular angle, or somebody's brown boots are of a particular shade. There is an insult not only in the way they speak, but in the way they sneeze; and, especially, of course, in the way they snore. The novelists and the critics yearn with sympathy of the tenderest sort over these sensibilities. It seems to be admitted that nobody could be expected to endure such things from their fellow-creatures. It never seems to occur to anybody that people ought to be taught to endure their fellow-creatures. It never seems to strike them that the sane culture and training of a citizen ought to strengthen him to resist the shock of a loud sneeze or a large ear. Culture seems to mean the cultivation of disgust.

In old superstitious days the saint or the noble knight was known by his power of seeing the immortal soul shining through the leper or the cripple. In our enlightened days, the genius or great artist, as he figures in fiction, is known by his shrinking from almost any living thing as from a leper. And sensitive and supercilious as is the poet in prose fiction, things are almost as ill with the poet in real poetry. The mad school of poetry is full of normal things regarded as abnormal; not to be admired as wonderful, but to be feared and loathed as horrible. It is full of crawling surfaces, of prickly and scaly skins, of obtrusive and repulsive features, of blind and greedy growths of green vegetation; all this sort of language being applied to the grass growing or a man having a nose on his face.

And then these people have the staggering impudence to talk about the sensibility of the Victorian woman who fainted at the sight of a mouse. The Victorian woman was ten thousand times tougher and stronger and more ready for anything; for she accepted at least the ordinary things of life as ordinary. She may not have liked mice, as many people do not like snakes or spiders; but she did not shudder at a particular necktie as if it were a snake. She did not quail from head to foot at a particular tone of voice or turn of diction. People have even had the brazen ignorance and insolence to talk of the ladies of Jane Austen as if they were sentimental and over-refined. The most

sentimental of her heroines (and few of them were sentimental) would have thought all this modern stuff a nightmare of refinement. The author of "Sense and Sensibility" would have locked up in a lunatic asylum half the bold, free, educated heroines in modern books, for the very sound reason that they were raving mad with sensibility and a danger to any person of sense.



PRESENTED TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY BY THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY AND THE CHURCH CONGRESS: "THE MOST REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D."—A NEW PORTRAIT BY PHILIP DE LASZLO.

The presentation of this portrait of himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the members of the Church Assembly and the Church Congress, was arranged for July 8, and the picture will be placed in the Church House at Westminster. It is a fine example of the work of that well-known painter, Mr. Philip de Laszlo. Dr. Davidson has held the office of Primate, with conspicuous distinction, for twenty-three of the most memorable years in English history. Before becoming Archbishop he had been, in succession, Dean of Windsor and Chaplain to Queen Victoria (1883-91), Bishop of Rochester (1891-5), and Bishop of Winchester (1895-1903).

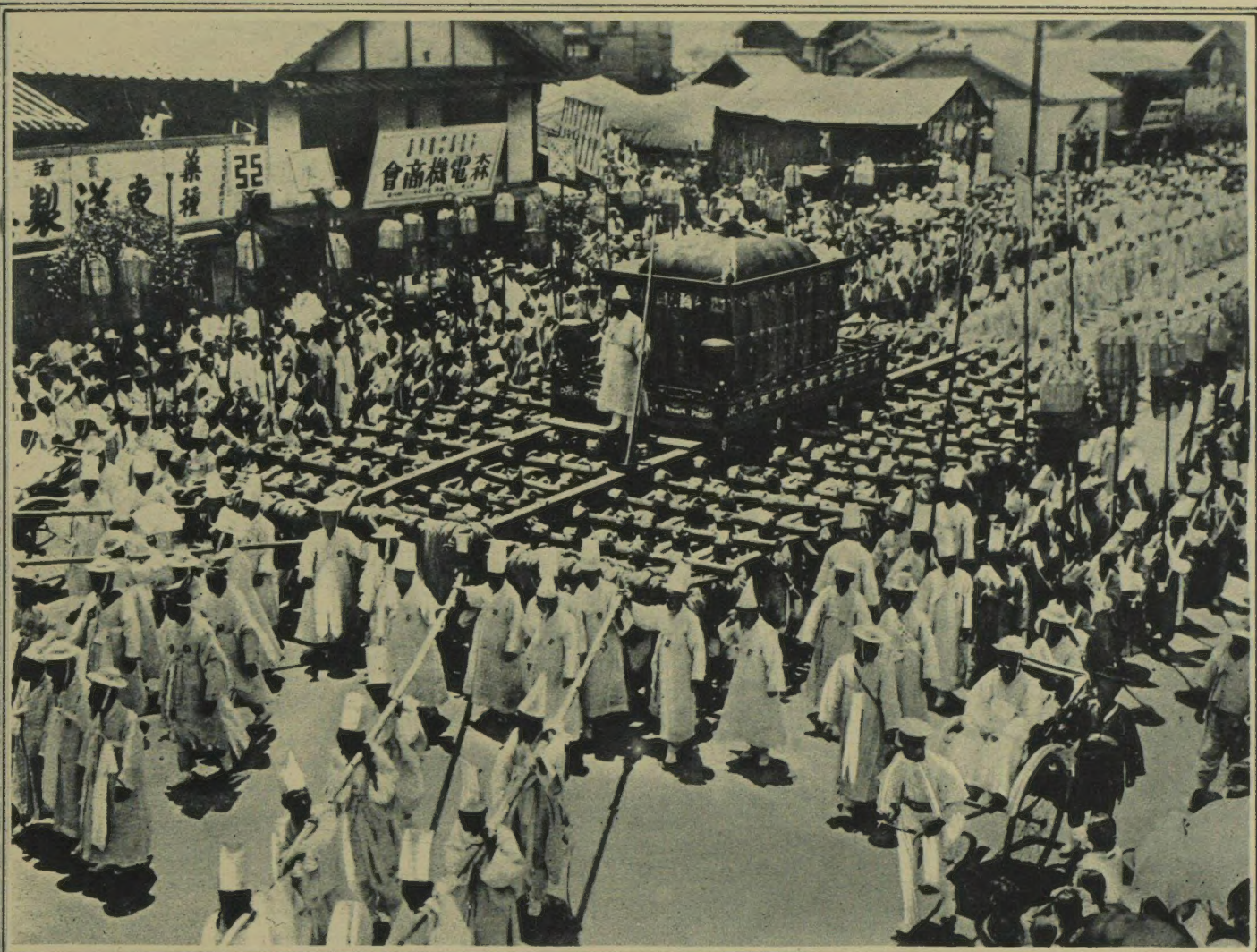
Reproduced by Courtesy of the Artist.

little doubt that Dickie was prepared to enjoy the jam.

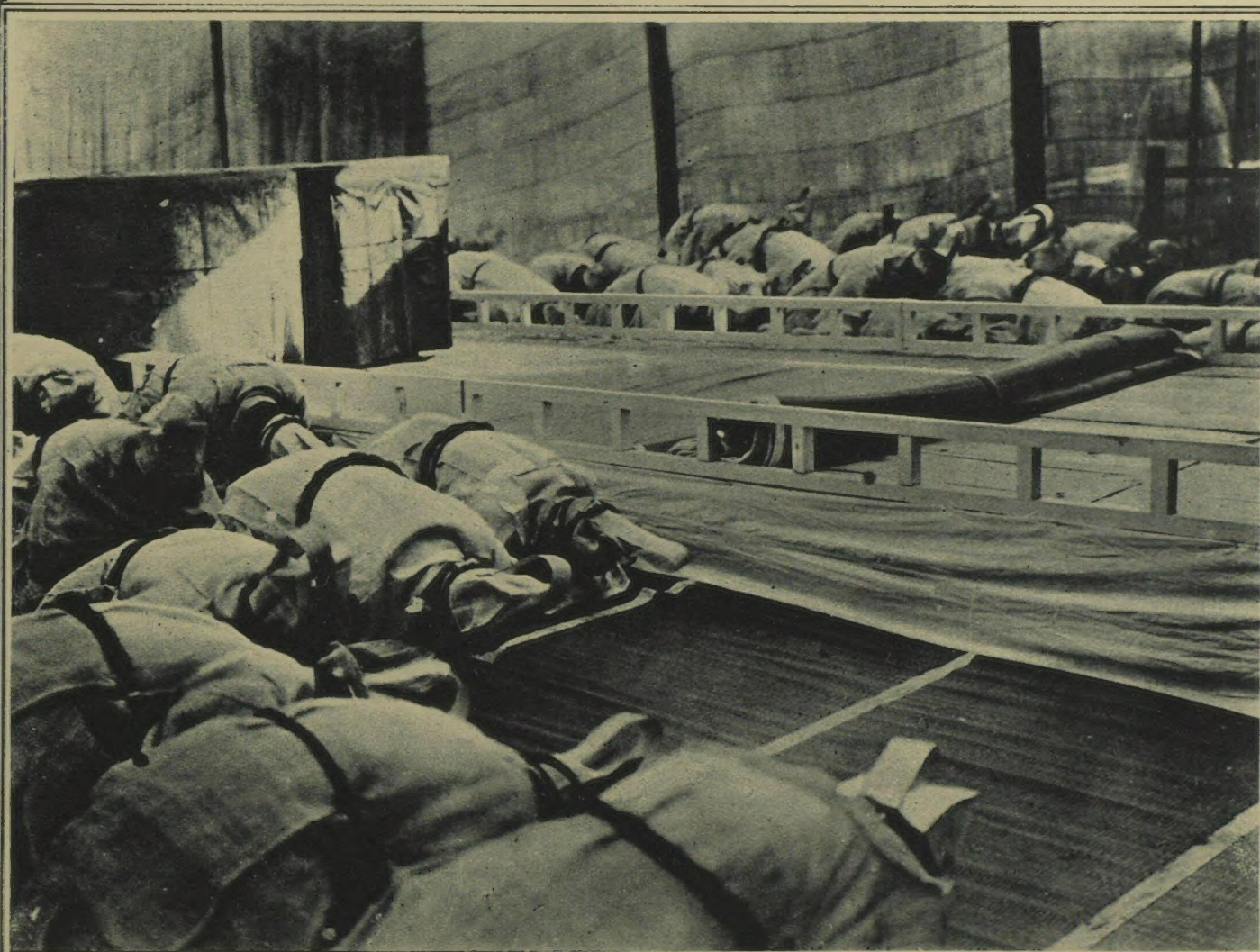
Are we to encourage human beings to be such very sensitive beings that they cannot be social beings? Are we always to insist on the clumsiness of conventional people and never on the callousness of unconventional people? And in an age that talks

THE FUNERAL AT WHICH THE BEARERS STRUCK: PRINCE YI BURIED.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY "THE TIMES."



BEFORE THE TWO THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED BEARERS STRUCK AFTER THEY HAD MARCHED SIX MILES, ALLEGING ILL-TREATMENT: THE CATAFALQUE OF THE LAST EMPEROR OF KOREA CARRIED THROUGH SEOUL TO THE TOMB.



A CUSTOM THAT CAUSED THE POLICE SOME UNEASINESS DURING THE PERIOD OF LYING-IN-STATE: KOREANS PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THE PRINCE'S COFFIN AND GIVING VENT TO LOUD, WAILING GROANS OF GRIEF.

The body of Prince Yi, the last Emperor of Korea, was borne in procession from the Korean capital to the tomb in the fullest state. The catafalque containing the coffin was carried by six relays of Koreans, each relay consisting of 450 men, all clad in dresses of yellow gauze, the sign of deep mourning. It was these bearers who were reported to have struck after they had marched six miles out of the eight, and to have left the catafalque on the road, so that other bearers had to be hastily despatched from the capital to replace them. In addition to

the 2700 bearers, there were many who "towed" the catafalque. Some of these can be seen in the foreground of the upper photograph. Standing before the catafalque, raised above the heads of the bearers, is the Master of Ceremonies. Concerned with the last rites were some 20,000 troops, 25,000 students, 2000 priests, 3000 musicians, 4000 police, and at least 50,000 of the Korean public. The lying-in-state caused a certain apprehension amongst the police authorities, who feared fanatical acts.

THE MOON - GODDESS AND HER KITCHEN.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, THE CITY OF ABRAHAM.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia.

IN a former number of *The Illustrated London News* (Aug. 22, 1925) I described some of the principal objects found at Ur of the Chaldees during last season, but said there nothing about the building in which most of them were discovered, the temple-complex of the Moon-Goddess Nin-Gal.

Designed originally by Bur-Sin, King of Ur in about 2220 B.C., and constructed by him in mud brick,

north corner, close to the main entrance, there was a bitumen-lined tank and a columnar shaft of limestone which had probably supported a basin for lustral water; in front of the entrance stood a brick base whereon had been a stela of black diorite inscribed with a record of the victories of Hammurabi, the great King and lawgiver of Babylon, who soon after 1900 B.C. made himself master of all the Sumerian

brick steps, and by the yet higher mass of brickwork rising behind it, which was the base for the statue of the goddess. Between the successive doorways there were recesses or narrow rooms serving as chapels for the worship of the minor gods who had their place in the cult of Nin-Gal—it was in one of these that we found the statue of the goddess Bau, lady of the poultry-farm.

All round the courtyard and behind the sanctuary lay the stores and service-chambers. The most remarkable of the latter was the temple kitchen. Actually it was composed of an open court and two small chambers opening off it. In the court there was the well for the water; by it, against the wall, a bitumen-proofed tank for storing the water within reach; and on the other side of the well, let into the brick pavement, there was still in position the stout copper ring to which the bucket-rope had been made fast.

Against another wall was a double fireplace, one circular hearth to take a big cauldron, one long open trough where a row of pots could be set over a log fire. Clearly these were for heating water rather than for cooking: it was curious to see the mud fender in front completely preserved, and behind, on the wall, the bricks all blackened with the smoke from the fire. Against the third wall was the brick and bitumen cutting-up table, its surface still scored by the chopping-knife; on the floor lay the grindstone and rubber for the grain; and in one corner stood an unbroken clay pot left here by the servants when last the kitchen was used.

One of the roofed chambers contained the circular base for the bread-oven, which had itself been destroyed by a later wall; the other was the kitchen proper. Here there was a double cooking-range built of bricks and mud, a flat-topped mass pierced by two vaulted furnaces running back to circular flues, with a central mud column supporting the furnace roof, and in the roof small holes communicating with the flues and forming two rings on which the cooking-pots could be set; and, as these might be large and heavy, there was a flight of steps up to the range-top so that one might go up and shift them more easily.

The preservation of the whole place was amazing, and it needed no imagination to see it still in use, with the Sumerian cooks busy at the well and the stoves: one could picture just such a scene as that



SHOWING HOW NIN-GAL'S KITCHEN WAS USED 4000 YEARS AGO: MODERN MESOPOTAMIANS (LEFT TO RIGHT) BRINGING A PITCHER TO THE TANK, LOWERING A BUCKET INTO THE WELL, TENDING THE FIREPLACE, PREPARING FOOD ON THE CHOPPING-BLOCK, RUBBING GRAIN ON THE QUERN, AND KINDLING A COOKING-RANGE.

the temple was pulled down and rebuilt in burnt brick about 150 years later by a certain Enanatum, who was a son of the King of Isin, the paramount city of the time, and had been installed by his royal father as High Priest of the Moon-God Nannar at Ur. Enanatum in his reconstruction followed faithfully the lines of the older building, and with good reason, for it would be difficult to find a better plan than that which Bur-Sin had drawn up. In its balance, its spacious dignity, and harmonious proportions, it is a work of which any architect might well be proud, and shows the astonishing degree to which architecture had been evolved in Sumeria in the twenty-third century before Christ.

The building, an exact square measuring some 250 feet each way, included within a massive fortress wall two complete temples with their store-rooms, work-rooms, and store-chambers, and between them a range of smaller compartments. The latter seem to have formed the official residence of the temple's head, and below their floors were tombs, probably those of the high priests, which we found plundered and empty; but one little complex was undoubtedly a shrine in which was worshipped the deified King Bur-Sin, the founder. In a long, narrow chamber, deviously approached through passages and ante-chambers, there stood upright a great oval-topped slab of limestone bearing the King's name, and at its feet, let into the bitumen which covered the brick pavement, were two more oval-topped slabs, this time of grey gypsum, also inscribed with his name and his dedication of the temple to Nin-Gal, the same dedication as we found on a dozen diorite hinge-stones still in position at the doorways of the building.

No such shrine had been discovered before in Mesopotamia, but from a stone relief of slightly earlier date we recognise the oval-topped stela standing as a cult object flanked by mace-heads set on poles (the symbols of authority) and by other votive objects, and it is easy to reclothe the ruins with something of their old furnishings and get an idea of the setting in which men preserved the memory of the divine King.

Of the two temples, both dedicated to the Moon-Goddess, that on the north-west had suffered greatly from the hands both of the destroyer and of subsequent builders on the site; but that on the south-east, buried more deeply in its own debris, was in better state, its walls standing as much as ten feet high. The central courtyard was paved with brick; in the

city-states. Corresponding to this at the far end of the court, and just in front of the entrance to the sanctuary, was the altar, built of brick and overlaid with bitumen; while all along this south-west end the courtyard wall was masked by bases for statues and for stelæ



WITH THE WELL AND ITS SQUARE STONE LID (CENTRE), A BITUMEN-LINED WATER TANK (LEFT), A COPPER RING (LET INTO FLOOR) FOR THE BUCKET-ROPE, A FIRE-PLACE (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND A QUERN WITH RUBBING-STONE (ON FLOOR, EXTREME RIGHT): THE OUTER KITCHEN IN THE TEMPLE OF NIN-GAL AT UR.

recording the piety of Kings who had restored or enriched the temple.

Three massive doorways led from the court to the sanctuary, the innermost portal framing the sanctuary itself, a small chamber entirely taken up by a high altar, "or table of offerings," approached by a flight of

at Shiloh, when the Hebrews came to sacrifice at the tabernacle, and Eli's sons quarrelled with them over the priests' share of the stewed meat; and yet it was hundreds of years before Eli's time, probably about 1870 B.C., that the last meal for Nin-Gal was prepared in Enanatum's temple at Ur.

WONDERFUL ARCHITECTURE OF 2220 B.C.; AND A UNIQUE METAL COFFIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



1. SHOWING THE BASE OF A WAR MEMORIAL (CENTRE) TO KING HAMMURABI OF BABYLON, AND (BEYOND IT) A BRICK ALTAR BEFORE THE SANCTUARY: THE COURTYARD OF NIN-GAL'S TEMPLE AT UR.



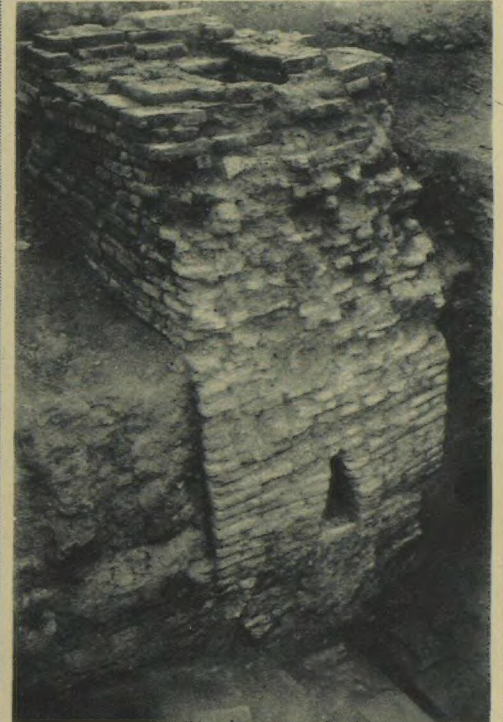
2. WITH A TANK FOR HOLY WATER (LEFT BACKGROUND) AND A STONE COLUMNAR SUPPORT FOR THE LAVER OR STOUP: THE NORTH CORNER OF THE COURTYARD IN THE TEMPLE OF NIN-GAL, THE MOON-GODDESS.



3. SHOWING STAGES IN THE BUILDING'S HISTORY: A PASSAGE IN THE TEMPLE WITH A DOORWAY (AT END) BLOCKED BY WALLS OF DIFFERENT DATE.



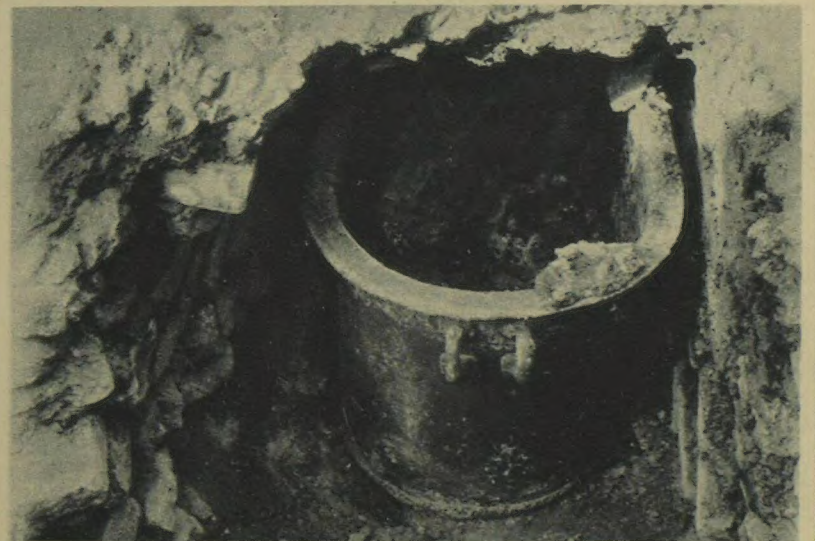
4. IN THE "HERÖON" OF KING BUR-SIN, FOUNDER OF THE TEMPLE: THREE STONES EACH ENGRAVED WITH HIS DEDICATION OF IT TO NIN-GAL.



5. DRAINAGE OF 2200 B.C.: THE TEMPLE WALL PIERCED BY A VERTICAL SHAFT LEADING TO A TRIANGULAR VENT AND A BRICK CHANNEL BELOW.



6. SHOWING THE QUERN AND CHOPPING-BLOCK (LEFT) AND A FLAT-TOPPED COOKING-RANGE WITH STOKE-HOLES BELOW (CENTRE BACKGROUND), SEEN ALSO ON PAGE 56: THE INNER KITCHEN IN THE TEMPLE OF NIN-GAL AT UR.



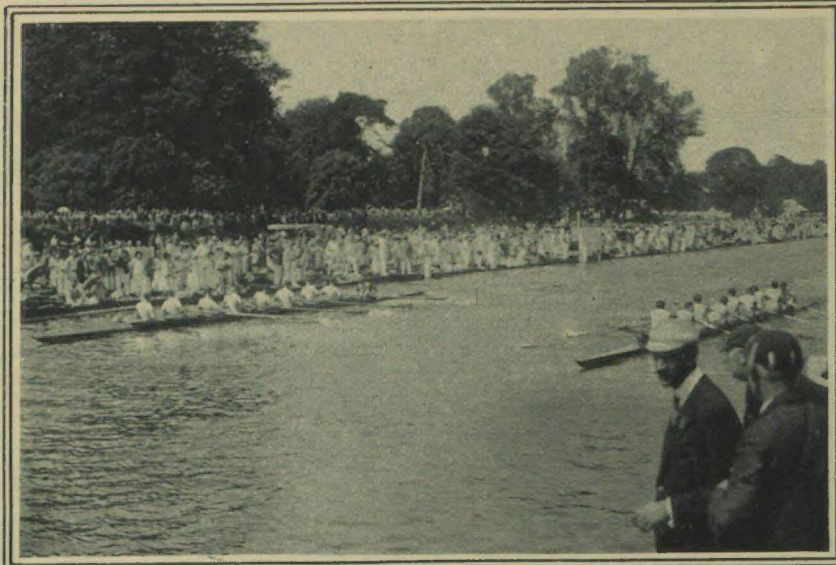
7. THE FIRST METAL COFFIN EVER FOUND IN MESOPOTAMIA: A COPPER COFFIN (DATING ABOUT 700 B.C.), WHICH CONTAINED A WOMAN'S BODY AND HER JEWELLERY, INSIDE A BRICK VAULT CONSTRUCTED IN THE TEMPLE RUINS.

This wonderful Temple of Nin-Gal, the Moon-Goddess, founded originally by Bur-Sin, King of Ur, about 2220 B.C., and rebuilt by Enanatum some 150 years later, is fully described by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley in his article on page 56. "In front of the entrance," he writes, "stood a brick base (see Photograph 1, above), whereon had been a stela of black diorite inscribed with a record of the victories of Hammurabi, the great king and lawgiver of Babylon. In a note on Photograph 3, Mr. Woolley says: "Originally there was a door at the end of the passage. Later this was blocked with a wall; later again, the wall was ruined

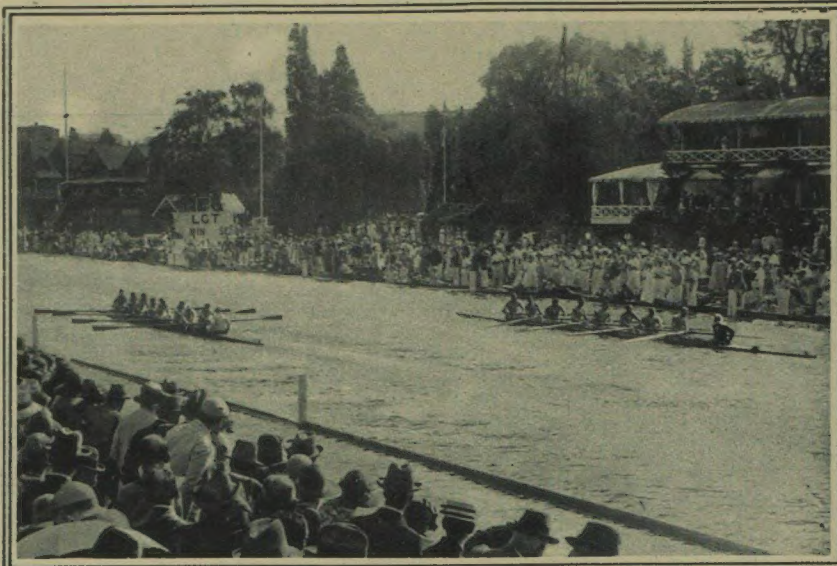
and a new wall was built over it, but slightly overhanging." Of No. 4, showing "the 'Heröon' of Bur-Sin," he says: "On each of the three great stones was engraved: 'Bur-Sin, King of Ur, King of Sumer and Akkad, has built this temple to his lady Nin-Gal.' The drain shown in No. 5 "might be compared," says Mr. Woolley, "with drains on Indo-Sumerian sites. . . . The coffin (No. 7) dates from about 700 B.C., and is made of sheet copper magnificently rivetted. It contained the body of a woman together with her work-baskets, jewellery, bronze vessels, etc. This is the first time a metal coffin has been found in Mesopotamia."

THE CLIMAX OF THE RIVER SEASON: HENLEY REGATTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., KEYSTONE, AND S. AND G.



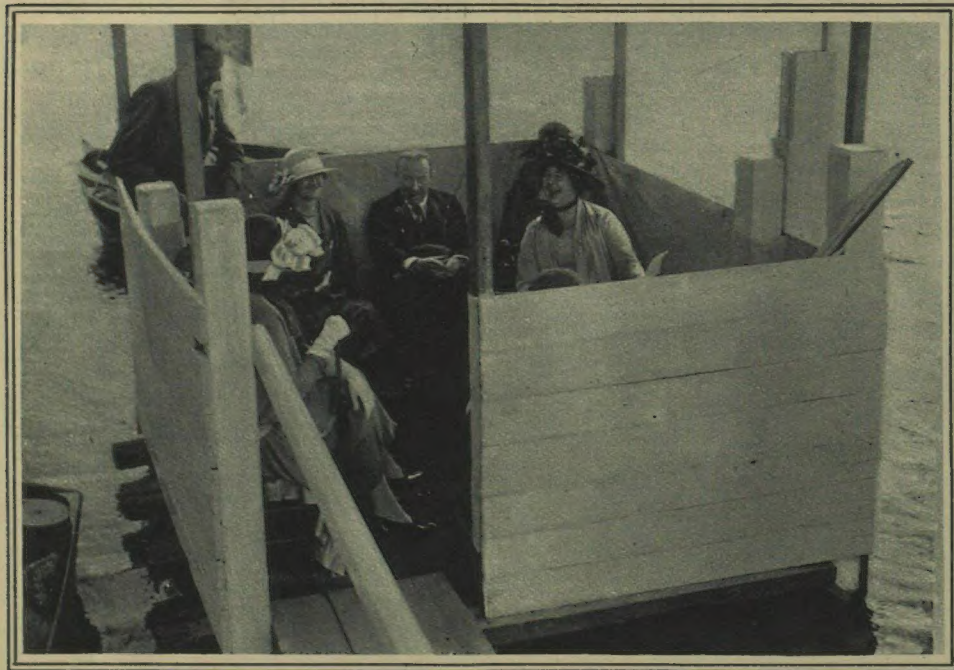
VICTORS BY THREE FEET, AFTER A REMARKABLE SPURT: JESUS WINNING THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE, FROM PEMBROKE.



AN EXCITING FINISH FOR THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP: SELWYN COLLEGE NARROWLY BEATING KINGSTON R.C. IN 7 MIN. 9 SEC.



WHEN THE BAND PLAYED "O, MY LEANDER": THE FINISH OF THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP, WON BY LEANDER, FROM LADY MARGARET, IN ONLY FIVE SECONDS BELOW RECORD.



AFTER SEEING TRINITY WIN THE SILVER GOBLET: MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN IN THE JUDGE'S BOX.



AFTER WINNING THE DIAMOND SCULLS: J. BERESFORD, JUN., (THAMES R.C.), WHO BEAT G. GODDARD (JESUS) IN THE FINAL.

It has been said that Henley is declining as a social function, but last week's Regatta proved, if it proved nothing else, that it remains the climax of the river-girl's season. The finals, indeed, drew the biggest crowd seen there since the war, and some fine racing was their reward. The Ladies' Plate went to Jesus, Cambridge, by three feet; London Rowing Club beat Lady Margaret, Cambridge, in the Wyfold Cup by four feet—two wonderful finishes. In the Ladies' Plate there was

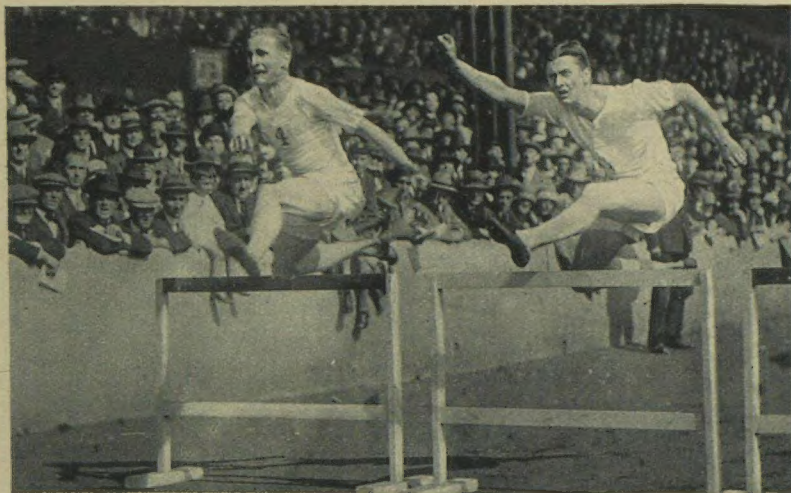
never more than a quarter of a length in it from first to last. Jesus won in their last ten strokes, with an astonishing spurt. The Kingston-Selwyn final in the Thames Cup was even more exciting. Kingston went away fast and secured a useful lead, and Selwyn only came up with them at Fawley. From then it was touch-and-go all the way, but Selwyn won by one-and-a-half lengths in a final spurt.

RECORD-BREAKERS ON THE CINDER-TRACK: THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, KEYSTONE, AITKEN, "TIMES," AND L.N.A.



A GERMAN ATHLETE LOWERS THE WORLD'S RECORD IN THE HALF-MILE, BY 3-5TH SEC.: O. PELTZER BEATING D. G. A. LOWE.



MAKING A NEW CHAMPIONSHIP TIME FOR GREAT BRITAIN: LORD BURGHLEY WINNING THE QUARTER-MILE LOW HURDLES.



A NEW BRITISH CHAMPION IN TWO EVENTS: J. E. WEBSTER (BIRCHFIELD HARRIERS) TAKING THE WATER JUMP IN THE STEEPLECHASE.



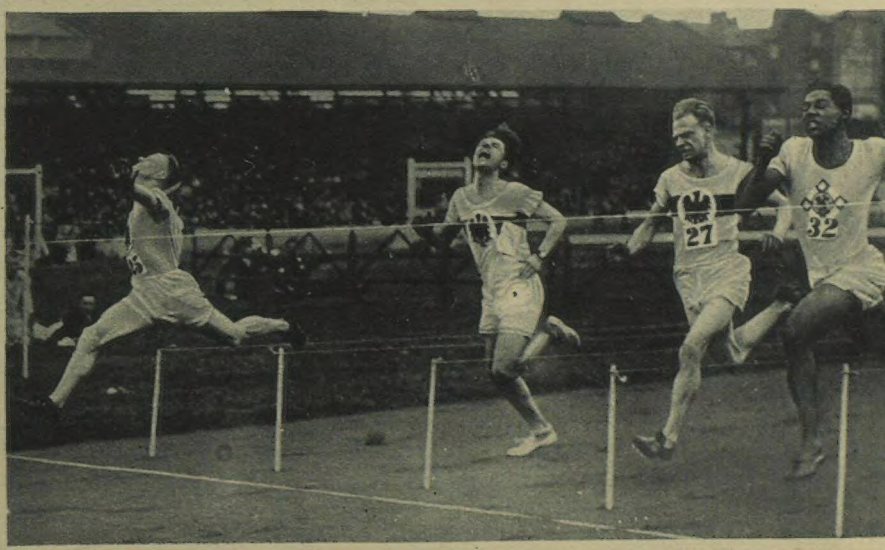
AFTER A HARD FIGHT ON THE FIELD OF SPORT: DR. O. PELTZER (GERMANY) SHAKING HANDS AFTER DEFEATING D. G. A. LOWE, THE BRITISH OLYMPIC CHAMPION.



WINNING THE FOUR MILES IN 19 MIN. 49 3-5TH SEC.: J. E. WEBSTER, THE NATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY AND A.A.A. TEN-MILES CHAMPION.



A FIERCE ANGLO-GERMAN FINISH: J. W. J. RINKEL, THE CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE, BEATING DR. PELTZER (GERMANY) IN THE QUARTER-MILE



ANOTHER GERMAN VICTORY IN THE 100-YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP: R. CORTZ (STUTTGART) WINNING FROM J. E. LONDON, A COLOURED RUNNER FROM THE POLYTECHNIC HARRIERS.

In spite of a massed attack by German athletes, competing for the first time since the war, the Amateur Athletic Association's Championships at Stamford Bridge resulted in ten out of the eighteen championships remaining in British keeping. The Germans secured two victories; whilst Norway, France, America, Ireland, Australia, and Ceylon each secured one title. The new championships include one world's record—the half-mile victory of Dr. Peltzer (Germany), who beat the previous best of G. E. Meredith, at Philadelphia, in 1916, by 3-5th of a second,

his time being 1 min. 51 3-5th sec.—and two British records. The latter were in the 440 yds. hurdles, which Lord Burghley won in 55 sec. (previous best, 55 2-5th sec. by C. A. Christiernson, at Stamford Bridge in 1921); and in the two-miles steeplechase, won by J. E. Webster in 10 min. 34 1-5th sec. (previous best, 10 min. 57 1-5th sec., by Percy Hodge at Stamford Bridge in 1921. Webster's record was accomplished after having won the four-miles race, in very good time, only about an hour and forty minutes before.

"Mere English": The Showman Pointing.

"HISTORY OF ENGLAND:" By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.*

AT the end of his "History of England," Mr. Trevelyan sums up: "In seven hundred pages I have tried to set down some aspects of the evolution of life upon this island, since the ages when it lay as nature made it, a green and shaggy forest, half water-logged, while here and there, on the more habitable uplands, the most progressive of the animals gathered his kind into camps and societies, to save himself and his offspring and his flocks from wolves and bears and from his fellow-men, down to that November day, still so recent, when forty millions, gathered for the most part in streets whence everything of nature had been excluded save a strip of sky overhead, broke into ecstasies of joy at the news that the imminent danger of destruction afflicting them for four years had at length passed away. In the earlier scenes, man's impotence to contend with nature made his life brutish and brief. To-day his very command over nature, so admirably and marvellously won, has become his greatest peril. Of the future the historian can see no more than others. He can only point like a showman to the things of the past, with their manifold and mysterious message."

But what a raree is his; how perfectly it illustrates the truth that those who would hazard what will come must know what has gone, and read the oracles aright!

Six periods go to the making of it—"The Mingling of the Races: From the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest"; "The Making of the Nation: From the Conquest to the Reformation"; "The Tudors: Renaissance, Reformation, and Sea-power"; "The Stuart Era: Parliamentary Liberty and Overseas Expansion"; "From Utrecht to Waterloo: Sea-power and Aristocracy, First Stage of the Industrial Revolution"; and "The Later Hanoverians: Sea-power in the Age of Machinery, the Transition to Democracy"—with an Epilogue, "1901-18."

And out of them all emerge the English of the present, with many of the traits of their remote forefathers, unshakable witnesses to the influences of heredity and environment, freest of peoples, yet the people most obedient to Law, the Lion no longer under the Throne.

A qualified liberty theirs, but with the limitations born of an innate sense of mutual obligation. "Every man must have a lord" ran the Anglo-Danish rule; but only the loyalty of the follower and the good faith of the leader could enforce it. There were "overmighty" in the classes and in the masses. For a while they would prevail. Then would come the "bridling of stout noblemen and gentlemen," the curbing of commoners, the purging of sovereign pride. Balance of power was kept. Conservatism, the clinging to custom, the worship of precedent, deep-rooted as it was, a canon not lightly set aside, was mutable. It was plastic and supple, a clay that could be fashioned, a steel that might bend, but would not break.

The manner was born, perhaps, soon after the first Iberian and Celtic trader-adventurers took the wave-path and sought the "tin islands" in the mist and tides of the northern seas, the pearls and the gold, the pasturage and the fertile soil. For then the foreigner came into the local insular life and broadened it—a process easy enough with an absorbent, if stubborn, race like ours.

Romans, Saxons, Jutes, Vikings, Normans brought swords and civilisations, grafting hale shoots to a healthy stem. The hatreds they caused were profound, but were not permanent. "In days before the printing press, the memory of inter-racial wrongs and

atrocities was not artificially fostered. Green earth forgets—when the schoolmaster and the historian are not on the scene." Came also the merchants and the craftsmen, each bringing riches to the stock; with the sailor returned from journeyings across the waters, the fighter, explorer, trader, each contributing to the weal of the State: is not history governed by geography?

And, child of knowledge, Tolerance; tolerance which may, perhaps, be called the keynote of the English character—tolerance and the will to rebel against intolerance. So long as the ruler gave service as well as demanded it, the ruled were content enough. Once arrogance intervened there was a fall: arrogance

improvisation—most recently evident during the European War—a determination to achieve the desired goal, a goodly share of that sin by which the angels fell, a robust belief in the strong arm, aggressive and protective, commercial enterprise that led to the pioneerings of new lands and the opening up of fresh markets, all played their parts in the development. But it was the "ruling of the waves" that made the country's greatness. Subject to the sea at first, it was to be its master.

"To invade Britain was singularly easy before the Norman Conquest, singularly difficult afterwards. The reason is clear. A well-organised State, with a united people on land and a naval force at sea, could make itself safe behind the Channel even against such military odds as Philip of Spain, Louis XIV., or Napoleon could assemble on the opposite shore. In recent centuries these conditions have been fulfilled, and although an invading force has sometimes been welcomed, as when Henry Tudor or William of Orange came over, no invasion hostile to the community as a whole has met with even partial success owing to the barrier of the sea. But, before the Norman Conquest, there had been long ages when neither the island State nor the island Navy was formidable; even in the days of Alfred and Harold they were inadequate to their task, and in earlier times they did not exist. Except when protected by the Roman galleys and legions, ancient Britain was peculiarly liable to invasion for geographic and other reasons."

But England was "trodden under foot only to be trodden into shape"—until it became "Mere English," as Elizabeth had it of herself.

The mercantile marine took form and force—by the reign of Edward III. the King was claiming to be "lord of the English sea"—and Henry VIII. founded a Royal Navy, "an effective fleet of royal fighting-ships, with royal dockyards at Woolwich and Deptford." And "since no point in England is more than seventy miles distant from the coast, a large proportion of her inhabitants had some contact with the sea, or at least with seafaring men."

A little while, and "England led the world in the evolution of a new kind of warfare at sea, decided by cannon fire through the portholes in the side of the ship. Drake's guns were not much smaller, though they were less numerous, than those on board Nelson's three-deckers . . . To Sir Francis Drake the warship was a mobile battery; to the Duke of Medina Sidonia it was a platform to carry the swordsmen and musketeers into action . . . it was not the boarder but the broadside that made England mistress at sea."

But that is digression, albeit it gives reason for the fruitful security our island enjoyed until the coming of the submarine, the air-ship and the aeroplane, and lends additional point to the Venetian envoy's: "They think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England." The note was in the reign of the seventh Henry, but there are those who still hold it true—many Englishmen among them! Which is a conceit perilous, but comforting.

Again, a digression. Let it suffice to add that, of course, Mr. Trevelyan surveys England as a whole, the influences, native, neighbourly, and alien, which, for good or ill, made it what it is; the relations of class to class; princely, statecraft, and priestcraft; the growth of democracy, industrialism, and individualism; war and peace—the Island and the Empire. That he surveys it admirably and sanely goes without the saying, for he is a historian proved. Moreover, he is a writer whose method of narration has a fascination rare in works which rank as text-books and are designed primarily to instruct rather than fascinate. This, his Epic of the English, will add to a reputation already world-wide.

E. H. G.



A REMARKABLE NEW PORTRAIT BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD: "MAJOR J. A. ST. GEORGE FITZWARENE DESPENCER-ROBERTSON."

Mr. Orlando Greenwood's portrait of Major Despencer-Robertson is regarded as the finest piece of work he has done, at any rate in portraiture. Major Despencer-Robertson was formerly M.P. (Unionist) for West Islington. During the war he served with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. He is a keen student of English historical antiquities.

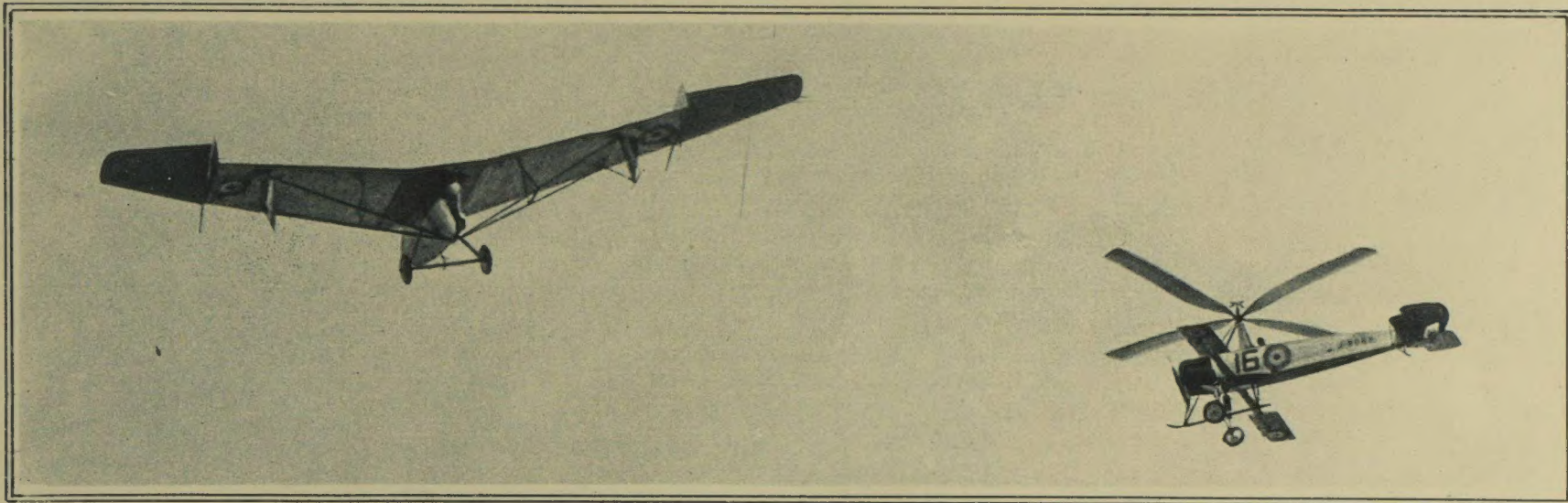
of Princes, Prelates, or People. Hence our Justice, with its Common Law and its even scales; hence Constitutional Monarchy—the King-recognition that followed the King-worship; hence Freedom of Speech and of Press; hence the Man to meet the Hour; hence the steady growth of a sturdy Nationalism and Individualism at once proud and generous; hence, particularly, the Mother of Parliaments. "Against Machiavelli's princely interpretation of the new nationalism, Britain alone of the great national States successfully held out, turned back the tide of despotism, and elaborated a system by which a debating club of elected persons could successfully govern an Empire in peace and in war." There was no Divine Right in England until James I. invented it, and Charles I. died because of it.

Progress was slow as we reckon it nowadays; it was retarded now and then; but on the whole it was steady, without disastrous halt. A certain genius for

* "History of England." By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Longmans, Green, and Co.; 12s. 6d. net.)

"MYSTERIES" AND MASTERY OF THE AIR: THE R.A.F. DISPLAY.

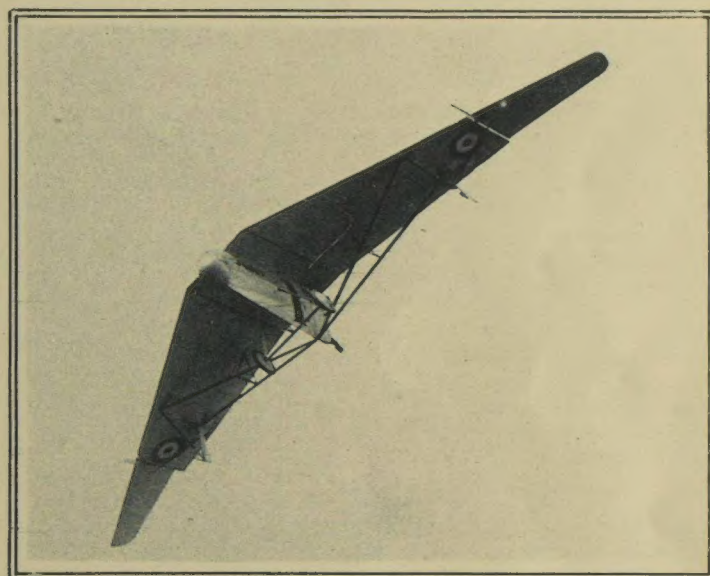
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, I.B., CENTRAL PRESS, AND L.N.A.



"MYSTERY" MACHINES IN FLIGHT: CAPTAIN HILL'S "PTERODACTYL," THE TAILLESS AEROPLANE (LEFT); AND SENOR DE LA CIERVA'S AUTO-GIRO, WITH REVOLVING VANES.



"GUARDS' DRILL" IN THE AIR: FORMATION-FLYING BY BRISTOL FIGHTERS—SQUADRON CROSSING SQUADRON IN PERFECT ALIGNMENT.



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN NEW TYPES OF MACHINES FLOWN: THE "PTERODACTYL," THE TAILLESS AEROPLANE, IN MOTH-LIKE FLIGHT.



WATCHING THE DISPLAY FROM THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE: THE QUEEN, SIR SAMUEL HOARE (SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR), THE KING, AIR-CHIEF MARSHAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD, THE KING OF SPAIN, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND SIR PHILIP SASSOON (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Squadron drill in the air by fifty-four single-seater Bristol fighters, obeying orders reaching them by means of radio-telephony; an exhibition of flight and of vertical landing by the "windmill" auto-giro of Señor de la Cierva, the first of its kind built in England; and flights by the tailless aeroplane of Captain Hill, were amongst the many remarkable events of the R.A.F. annual display at Hendon on Saturday, July 3. In ideal weather, the exhibition was witnessed by a record crowd, estimated at over 100,000, and a larger number of royalties and notabilities than

have ever been gathered together before for such an occasion. Altogether, sixteen new types of machines were flown, and at one moment the air was full of aircraft, presenting vivid contrasts in size, speed, and design. Among the more sensational exploits were the destruction of a "hostile aerodrome" by day-bombing squadrons, low-bombing of a moving "tank," and a long-distance race for heavy twin-engine night-bombers, who made a 600-mile circuit in four squadrons, returning to the aerodrome at the end of the day.

The Nerves of Plants: A Remarkable Discovery.

By SIR JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., C.S.I., C.I.E., Director of the Bose Research Institute, Calcutta.

IN the animal, rapid means of communication between its different organs is often a matter of life and death, for when it becomes aware of any threatened danger by sight or sound an urgent message is sent along the connecting nerve to the organ of locomotion, which is immediately set in action to enable it to escape. The attitude of the creature is profoundly modified by the action of the stimulus from the outside. If this be favourable to its well-being, it turns towards the stimulus, if unfavourable

shock one-tenth of the intensity that evokes human sensation. It is by such a feeble stimulus, which causes no wound and no mechanical disturbance, that the plant can be uniformly excited time after time, and the velocity of its nervous impulse determined under normal or changed external condition. The impulse is transmitted not only upwards, but also downwards against the direction of the movement of sap. The nervous character of the impulse is further proved by the action of various physiological

blocks: cold applied on the path of conduction slows down and arrests the impulse; narcotics produce a temporary stoppage; while poisons permanently abolish it. These experiments completely demolish the mechanical and the sap theory, and establish the nervous character of conduction in plants. Other investigations detailed in "Nervous Mechanism in Plants" just published by Longmans, show that the various specific characteristics of nervous impulse in animals are also to be found in the plant-nerve.

Success in these investigations has been chiefly due to my Resonant Recorder

(see centre diagram, opposite), by which the plant automatically inscribes the speed of its nervous impulse. The writer is tuned to a particular musical note, vibrating, say, 1000 times in a second, and the recorder taps successive dots by which time as short as a thousandth part of a second can be recorded. The perception or latent period of the motor organ of mimosa is found to be six hundredths of a second. Fatigue prolongs the latent period; when excessively tired the plant loses its power of perception, which is regained only after half-an-hour's absolute rest. In determining the velocity of the impulse, I obtained very suggestive results in regard to difference of nervousness of stout and thin specimens. In the former, the speed of reaction is sluggish, whereas a very thin one attains its acme of excitation in a very short time. The velocity of the impulse in a thin leaf-stalk is often as high as four hundred millimetres per second, which is considerably higher than in lower animals, such as anodons, but lower than that of higher animals. The nervous impulse in plants is about four hundred times quicker than the very slow rate of movement of sap.

I have been able to localise the nerve in the plant by two independent methods—first, by the electric probe; in the second, the nerve distribution in the plant has been distinctly made out by means of selective staining. The nerve-tissue consists of elongated tubular cells, the dividing membrane of which acts like synapse in the animal nerve; the membrane acts like a valve, allowing the impulse to travel with greater facility in one direction than in the opposite. The contractile pulvinus which functions as a muscle has also been sharply distinguished from other inactive tissues by means of selective staining, the rapidly

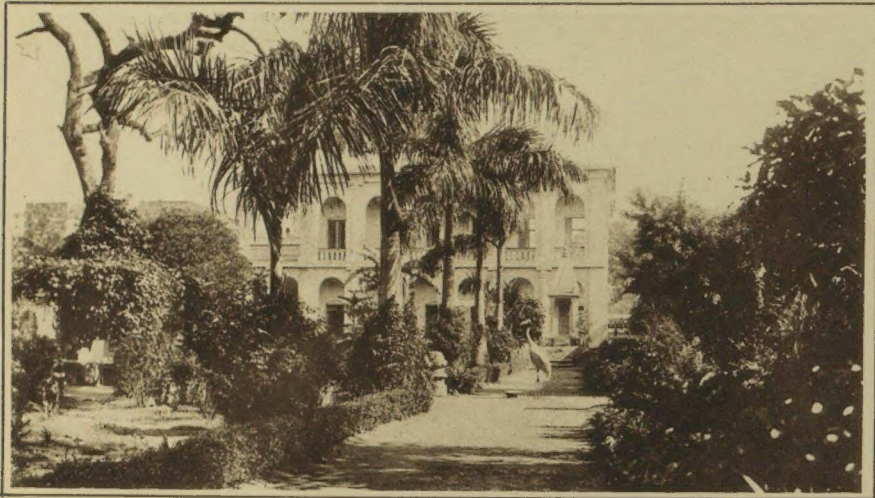
contracting tissue being coloured deep red. The rapidity of flight of birds of prey, such as the falcon, is due to the extraordinarily quick contraction of its wing muscles, whereas in the domestic fowl the power of flight has practically disappeared. In the muscle of the falcon a certain active substance is present, to which the rapidity of reaction is due; this substance is absent in the sluggish fowl. In the leaf-stalk of mimosa four nerves leading from the four sub-petioles bearing the leaflets innervate the four quadrants of the pulvinus, each of which has a distinct motor function. If one of the four sub-petioles is stimulated, then a definite impulse is sent along the particular nerve to stimulate its own quadrant. A characteristic movement of the leaf is thus produced either up or down, or a left-handed or a right-handed twist.

The leaf, like an anchored moth (see diagram), turns towards the light, by up or down movement or by twists to the right or left. The movement takes place when the leaflets carried by the four sub-petioles alone are exposed to the light, the distant motor organ being shielded from it. The attitude of the leaf perpendicular to the light is, therefore, due to the co-ordinated reflexes produced at the distant pulvinus by nervous impulses sent by the leaf which perceives the light.

When a stronger stimulus is applied, say, to the first sub-petiole to the left, a different class of phenomenon makes its appearance; the afferent or sensory impulse reaching the central end of the pulvinus becomes reflected along a new path as an afferent or motor impulse which, travelling outwards, produces a closure of the leaflets of the second sub-petiole; this is the first reflex. There is always a ceaseless alertness and immediate executive action to meet emergencies. For any disharmony means the destruction of the plant commonwealth.

These discoveries prove that not only has a nervous system been evolved in the plant, but that it has reached a very high degree of complexity as marked by the reflex arc. The question arises as to what advantage is secured by such a highly elaborated nervous system. One advantage is the co-ordinated reflex by which the leaf-surface is adjusted perpendicularly to the incident light, so as to ensure the absorption of the largest amount of radiant energy for photo-synthesis.

Another important function is the transmission of a rapid message to the motor organ for quick reaction in avoiding threatened danger (see dia-



SHOWING A CRANE WITH A PATHETIC HISTORY: THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE AT CALCUTTA.

Sir Jagadis Bose told in a recent lecture, at University College, the tragic story of the crane seen in this photograph. The bird lost his mate, refused a second one provided for him, and spends his life wandering round the beautiful garden ever searching for his first love.

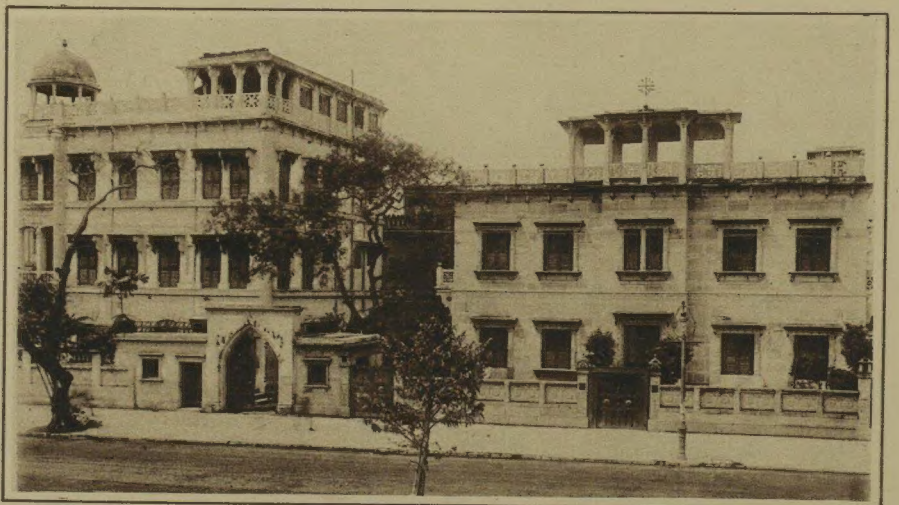
Photograph by Courtesy of Sir J. C. Bose.

it turns away from it. In the study of the nervous action of animals, a nerve and muscle preparation of the frog is often employed; the nerve is highly irritable and the feeblest stimulus of an electric shock applied to one end starts an invisible impulse in the nerve which, travelling with great speed, impinges on the terminal muscle and produces a certain contractile twitch (see diagram on opposite page).

The nervous impulse is not a phenomenon of transport of matter, such as the flow of water in a pipe, but the transmission of protoplasmic excitation. The physical movement of fluids in a pipe may be discriminated from the transmission of nervous excitation by the action of various physiological blocks, such as cold, narcotics, or poisonous solutions interposed in the path of conduction. The application of cold on a portion of the pipe will not interfere with the flow, nor would application of narcotics paralyse or poison entirely stop it. A nervous impulse, on the other hand, becomes arrested by these agents which depress or abolish vital activity.

In the plant, also, stimulus generates an impulse which produces a movement at a distance, as in *Mimosa pudica*, in which the transmitted impulse excites the sensitive pulvinus (plant muscles) which, undergoing contraction, causes the fall of the leaf (see diagrams). But physiologists, following the teaching of Pfeffer, regarded this as a hydro-mechanical and not a nervous impulse. Pfeffer and others were probably under the impression that the plants were far less sensitive than animals, and that the only effective way of stimulation was by thrusting a knife into them—a procedure which produces a convulsive movement—and other mechanical disturbances. The sap was exuded from the wound, and this, according to Pfeffer, caused a hydraulic disturbance and a mechanical blow to the sensitive pulvinus. Another grotesque theory, recently proposed by a Continental physiologist, is that the deep knife-wound causes secretion of some irritant, which, carried by the slow movement of sap, causes chemical stimulation of the distant pulvinus. Now, both these theories are based on the supposition that a hydro-mechanical disturbance or secretion of an irritant by wound is necessary for excitation in plants. They stand condemned if it can be shown that an excitatory impulse is generated in the plant by a feeble stimulus which causes neither wound nor physical disturbance.

The nerve is highly excitable, and a very feeble stimulus is sufficient to start the impulse. I discovered that mimosa can be excited by an electric

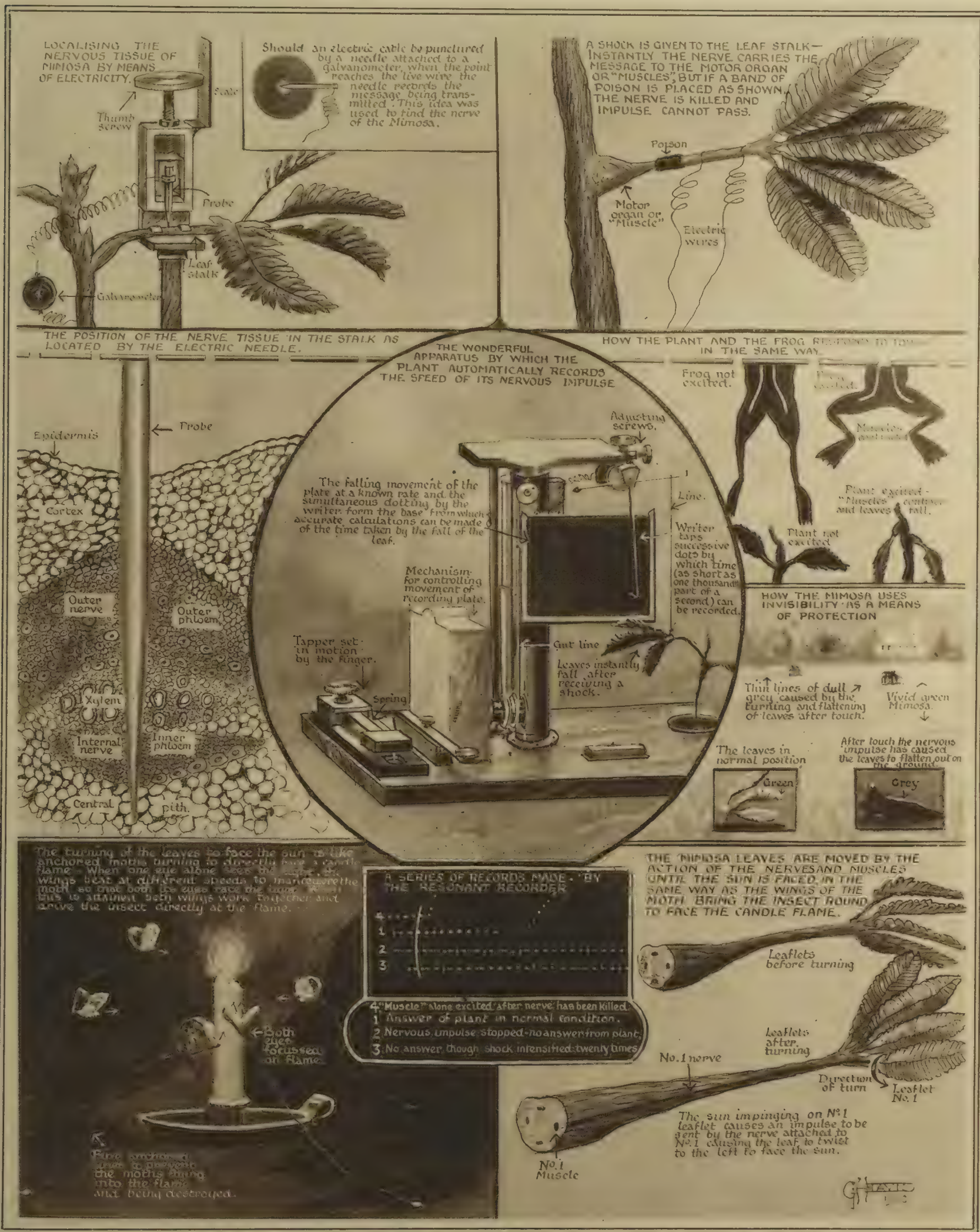


WHERE SIR J. C. BOSE, THE FAMOUS INDIAN BOTANIST, HAS MADE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES REGARDING THE NERVES OF PLANTS: THE BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE AT CALCUTTA.

gram). Large patches of ground in the tropics are covered by mimosa with their vivid green leaves; when one of the leaves is trampled upon or bitten by grazing cattle, a nervous impulse is sent throughout the plant, the leaves fall and press themselves against the ground, and the leaflets also become closed. Nothing could be more striking than the rapid change by which a patch of vivid green becomes transformed into thin lines of dull grey unnoticed against the dark ground. The plant thus saves itself literally by "lying low" and becoming invisible.

PROVING THAT PLANTS HAVE NERVES: DISCOVERIES BY SIR J. C. BOSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF SIR JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, M.A., D.S.C., LL.D., F.R.S., C.S.I., C.I.E., DIRECTOR OF BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, CALCUTTA.



PLANT MOVEMENT DUE TO NERVOUS IMPULSE, AND NOT HYDRO-MECHANICAL: SIR J. C. BOSE'S EXPERIMENTS.

Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, who has spent many years in the study of plants, and whose book on the "Nervous Mechanism of Plants" has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, has discovered that some plants have a nervous system ten times more sensitive than that of a human being. He has now definitely disproved the theory of many scientists, headed by Pfeffer, that the movement in plants is caused by hydromechanical action and not a nervous impulse. He has found that the fall of the leaf in *mimosa pudica* can be produced by touch, the nerves in the stalk transmitting a signal to the sensitive pulvinus or "muscles," and thus causing contraction and the fall of the leaf, just as a pinch will cause the muscles of a frog to contract, as shown in the illustration. The success of the experiments carried out by Sir Jagadis Bose has been chiefly due to the Resonant Recorder by which the plant automatically

inscribes the speed of its nervous impulse on a plate. Sir Jagadis has tuned his Recorder so that the "writer" inscribes the plate to a musical note vibrating at, say, 1000 times in a second; thus the arm of the writer taps successive dots by which a period as short as 1000th part of a second can be recorded. One of the wonders of his discovery is the fact that he has been able to locate the position of the exterior and interior nerves in the stalk, and we show a sectional view of the upper vascular bundle, showing the probe by which the position of these conducting nerves was discovered. There was a positive response of the epidermis, a feeble negative response from the cortex, then an enhanced response from the outer nerve, no responses at all from the Xylem, then again an enhanced response from the inner nerve centre. An article by Sir J. C. Bose himself appears on the opposite page.—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE RED UNDERWING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A DAY or two ago I was rather casually examining "loppings" which had just been taken from some poplars, in the hope of coming across something of interest, when, quite by accident, my attention was arrested by an unusual thickening of the stem I had in my hand—about as thick round as my little finger—and, to my intense surprise, found it was a large caterpillar of the beautiful Red Underwing (*Catocala nupta*). Perfectly motionless, it harmonized so beautifully with this stem that its discovery could only be by the merest accident.

I knew, of course, that the poplar and the willow were the food plants of the Red Underwing; but in seeking for them I should never have examined anything save the trunk of the tree, for hitherto I have never found them except between crevices of the bark, and even here they are most extraordinarily difficult to find, so perfectly do they harmonize with their surroundings. In coloration of a dark grey, which blends beautifully with the bark of the tree, they gain an added measure of protection by reason of the fact that the surface of the cylindrical body is broken up by slight irregularities. These are seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2), in which, owing to the absence of colour, this wonderful body is robbed of much of the full benefit of its disguise. The adult insect is just as perfectly protected when at rest, as may be gathered from the right lower photograph (Fig. 3). During August and September

of this vivid coloration? For it is invisible at night—at any rate, to our eyes, and one assumes, perhaps wrongly, that it is equally inappreciable to all other eyes.

The fact that the hind-wings show a far wider range of variation in the matter of their coloration

distinguishable, apart from coloration, by its great size, since it may measure as much as four inches across the outspread wings. The caterpillar, which also feeds on the poplar, is of an ochreous colour tinged with greenish, and with a pinkish head. It is probably too late to look for this now, but the moth flies in August. Some of my readers may share our luck, mere amateurs in the matter of moth-hunting.

Some may imagine that the Red Underwing, and its congeners, are near relations of the various species of Yellow Underwing. But these belong to another assemblage. Their caterpillar stages are passed on the "herbs of the field"; that is to say, on various grasses and weeds of different kinds, though they, too, display a protective coloration suited to their environment. All agree in being very variable in regard to their coloration. The first meal of the Yellow Underwing caterpillars is furnished by the shell of the egg from which it has just emerged, and so necessary is this to their wellbeing that if deprived of this strange feast they will inevitably die.

As a rule, moths and butterflies lay their eggs on the plants which are to furnish the food for the caterpillars when they emerge. The common Yellow Underwing is among those which do not. Since they are not particular in this matter of feeding, this disposal of the eggs is of no great importance. One moth of this species was found depositing her eggs in the meshwork of some tarred netting. Following her was an ear-wig which ate up the eggs as fast as they were laid! So, apparently, ear-wigs are of some use after all, for unless the numbers of these caterpillars are kept within bounds there would be

FIG. 1. MARKED WITH VIVID SCARLET (ALWAYS CONCEALED IN REPOSE) OF UNKNOWN PURPOSE: THE RED UNDERWING AS IN FLIGHT.

When the wings are spread they reveal a great blaze of scarlet, relieved by bands of black. The purpose of this brilliant coloration is not clear.

than do the fore-wings, may be not without significance. "Natural selection" keeps the coloration of the fore-wings to a more or less uniform standard. The hind-wings, however, never being exposed by day, are subjected to no "selective" checks, and we may fairly assume that variations in no wise hamper the sexes from distinguishing one another, because, be their tints what they may—so long as they are not white—they are indistinguishable in the gloaming or after dark. Scent, not sight, is the guide for moths seeking mates. Not only do the black areas vary in their size and intensity, but the red may be replaced by dull brown, or yellow, or even blue, as in the case of a specimen taken at Colchester nearly forty years ago. The Red Underwing is a species which is fairly plentiful throughout the south and east of England where poplars and willows grow. I have taken many with sugar, at night, in Norfolk.

There are, it is worth noting, three other species of Red Underwing among our native moths, and two of these seem to be more or less restricted to the New Forest. These are the Light and the Dark Crimson Underwings; but they are not easily distinguishable from the common Red Underwing, save by the expert. The difference lies chiefly in the much darker and browner coloration of the insect when seen at rest. The caterpillars of these two must be sought on the oak, and they differ from those of the Red Underwing by having patches of ochreous tint on the body, as well as by a more greenish tinge over the whole surface. The third species, *Catocala electa*, is extremely rare, having only twice been taken within the British Islands—one of these occasions was fifty years ago, in Sussex; the other, five-and-thirty years ago, in Dorsetshire. It is a Central European species, and looks like a very smooth, pale-coloured Red Underwing.

Finally, something must be said of what is perhaps the handsomest member of the genus, the Clifden Nonpareil (*Catocala fraxini*). It is very rare, and much prized by collectors. How much, I discovered some years ago when, during a "sugaring" expedition one night in Norfolk, my wife made a swoop at a moth just leaving the feast. "Here's a big one," she remarked, and the next moment it was fluttering in the net. I got it safely into the killing-bottle without realising the fact that we had taken a prize. The nature of our capture we discovered next morning, when daylight revealed the beauty of its hind-wings—black, with a pale-blue semi-circular band. The fore-wings recall those of the Red Underwing, but their general coloration is of a bluish grey, with darker markings. It is, however, at once

which are to furnish the food for the caterpillars when they emerge. The common Yellow Underwing is among those which do not. Since they are not particular in this matter of feeding, this disposal of the eggs is of no great importance. One moth of this species was found depositing her eggs in the meshwork of some tarred netting. Following her was an ear-wig which ate up the eggs as fast as they were laid! So, apparently, ear-wigs are of some use after all, for unless the numbers of these caterpillars are kept within bounds there would be

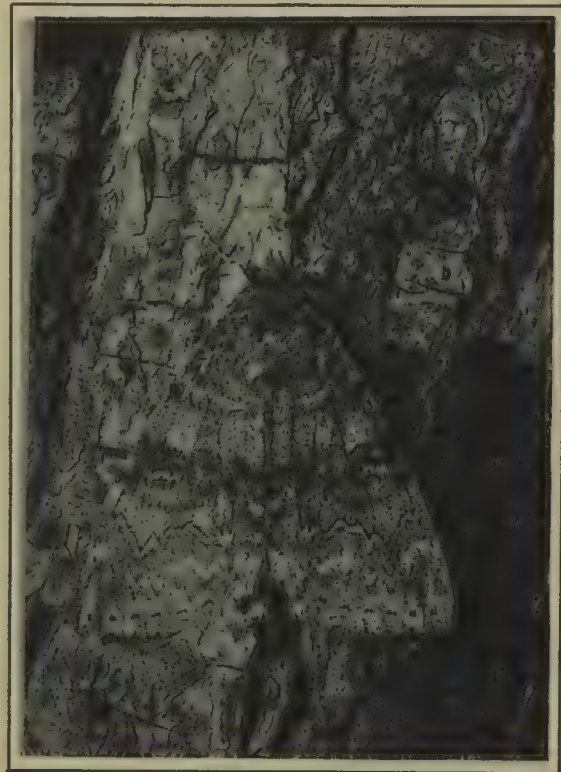


FIG. 3. PROTECTIVELY COLOURED, AS IN THE CATERPILLAR STAGE: AN ADULT RED UNDERWING, ALMOST INVISIBLE AGAINST BARK.

The adult insect is no less perfect in regard to its harmony with its background, so long as the wings are not opened.

no green thing left. Birds and ichneumon-flies are other defenders of our crops against such ravages. Against the Red Underwing none of us has any particular grudge; they are never very common, and poplars, at least, are not valuable trees.



FIG. 2. PUZZLE—FIND THE CATERPILLAR! A VERY REMARKABLE CASE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN REPOSE.

The caterpillar of the Red Underwing affords a striking illustration of "Protective Coloration"—which is effective only as long as there is no movement.

it may be found clinging to the bark of poplars, walls, palings, and even telegraph poles by the roadside, but always absolutely motionless till twilight falls.

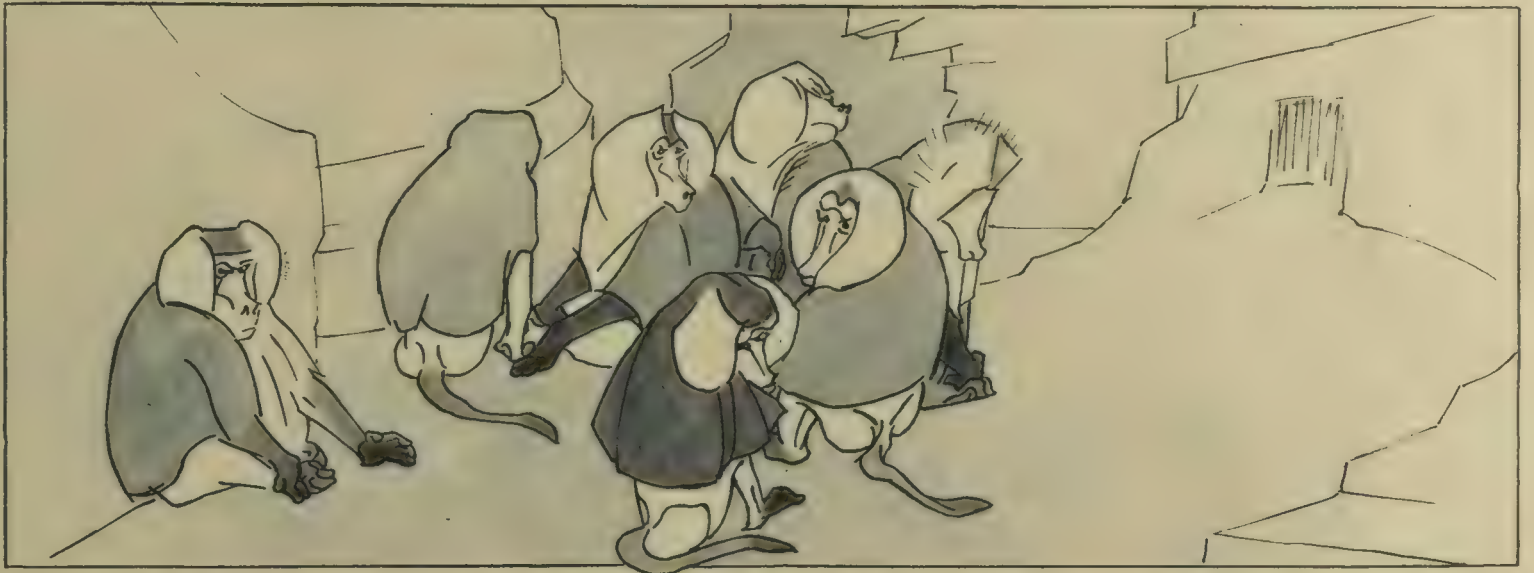
The intricacy of the markings of the wings when seen in this position of rest I will not attempt to describe; suffice it to say the scheme of coloration is "carried out," as the dressmakers have it, in various shades of grey. The sexes differ but little, but there is a certain amount of individual variation in the intensity of the coloration as between different specimens, as will be seen when a number are compared together. Matters are very different, however, when the wings are spread, for the forward thrust of the fore-wings discloses a mass of vivid scarlet relieved by two bands of black (Fig. 1). If the moth at rest sat with its wings opened out, it would form a flaming patch drawing all eyes towards it; but it never does. What, then, is the value and purpose

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XIX.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



Apparently propounding a riddle — "Guess what is in my hand!"



But he has forgotten his question — as they have wandered from the subject.



And so they wander on, hour by hour, day by day, without ceasing.

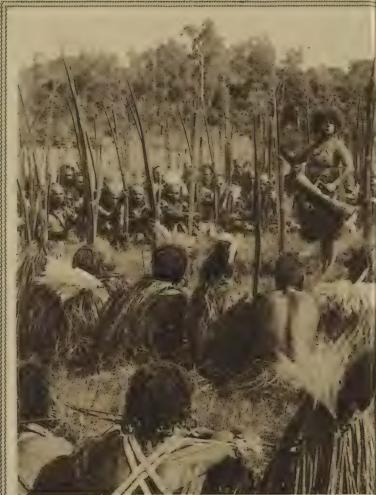
AS INCONCLUSIVE AS A COAL CONFERENCE: CONCLAVES OF THE SACRED BABOONS ON MONKEY HILL.

"Monkey Hill," writes Mr. J. A. Shepherd, "is by now quite an old feature of the 'Zoo': the Sacred Baboons survive, and the horror of them remains. There is still a monstrous number of them—one would suffice; it might be thought, or, better still, none at all! One sees them mostly sitting about in groups, as though concerned in some deep and solemn convocation—or

maybe solving some absorbing conundrum. Before any conclusion is arrived at, however, their power of concentration is arrested—and vanishes. Hopelessly inconsequent, they drift to utter vagueness, and wander aimlessly away—but only to join or form some other group, and then again to rise and roam without fixed course or purpose."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

NEW GUINEA WARRIORS IN A FORTHCOMING BRITISH FILM: STRIKING SCENES AND FIGURES IN "THE JUNGLE WOMAN."

· BY COURTESY OF STOLL FILM PRODUCTIONS, LTD.



TERRIFICALLY ADORNED WITH BONES STUCK THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, IMMENSE EAR-RINGS, AND FEATHERY HEAD-DRESS: THE "CRACK" NATIVE ARCHER IN "THE JUNGLE WOMAN," FILMED IN DUTCH NEW GUINEA.

WEARING A REMARKABLE HEAD-DRESS OF PLAITED REEDS: THE WIFE OF THE "CRACK" NATIVE ARCHER (SHOWN IN THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH) AS A CHARACTER IN THE BRITISH FILM, "THE JUNGLE WOMAN."



THE HEADMAN INCITES THE WARRIORS TO ATTACK THE WHITE MEN: A REAL ASSEMBLAGE OF NEW GUINEA NATIVES IN ALL THEIR PICTURESCUE WAR PAINT, OUTSIDE A REAL NATIVE VILLAGE HUT, AS A SCENE IN "THE JUNGLE WOMAN," A FORTHCOMING BRITISH FILM.



THE TORTURE OF THE NATIVE GUIDE ON HIS CAPTURE BY THE WARRIORS: THE PRISONER BOUND AND LAID ON HIS BACK TO BE SHOT BY THE PRINCIPAL ARCHER, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CHIEF (ON LEFT), ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC SCENES IN THE NEW FILM OF NEW GUINEA LIFE—"THE JUNGLE WOMAN."

A little company of English artists—organised by Stoll Picture Productions—under the command of Captain Frank Hurley, the well-known explorer and photographer, have just finished a journey of about 40,000 miles for the production of two screen plays entitled "Pearl of the South Seas" and "The Jungle Woman." We are able to reproduce some of the scenes in the latter, which pictures exciting adventures amongst the natives of Dutch New Guinea. Great patience was needed to rehearse these stalwart savages, who live a nomad life some two hundred miles up the Merauke River, Dutch New Guinea. Considerable difficulty was encountered on the subject of garments. The natives are accustomed to wear little more than dirt and a grin, and when approached with grass skirts fled in horror. At length, however, the presentation of spades, tobacco, and betel nut had the desired effect, and the warriors appearing in the film are at least attired in a manner unlikely to rouse the Censor. These people, it is said, still practise cannibalism, although not openly, and fights

between tribes are a weekly occurrence. The leading parts were taken by Messrs. Eric Bransby Williams and Jameson Thomas, and the Misses Lillian Douglas (who sailed from London last July), and Grace Savieri, the last-named being an Australian actress. It was arranged that the two films should be "trade shows" recently, but owing to the system of advance booking, they will not be seen by the general public until next spring. The story of "The Jungle Woman" concerns a white man who runs away with a native girl. He is shot at by native marksmen with their eight-foot bamboo bows, and Mr. Bransby Williams, who played the part, wore a steel plate under his shirt! The natives were directed with the aid of a German trader, who translated the orders to a Malay who understood German. He in turn transmitted to another Malay who knew the language of the tribe. This British film was not allowed to be made in British New Guinea, as the authorities forbade white actors appearing with natives.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MANY of us nowadays are bored by the monotony of life, with its ceaseless whirl of routine, and in books or plays like to escape into realms of fantasy, or into the atmosphere of some more leisurely age of colour and romance. Both these refuges for the tired mind are accessible in a novel that combines several prevailing vogues—the vogue of the occult, the vogue of Chinese art, and the vogue of the eighteenth century. I refer to "THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION," by Helen Beauclerk, adorned with nine cuts and a portrait of the author by Edmund Dulac (Collins; 8s. 6d. net).

This is not a book that one might spoil for the reader by revealing something of its scheme, as the charm lies in the telling rather than the plot; in fact, there is not much more plot than in the "Arabian Nights"—rather, as there, a succession of surprising adventures. The story opens with an eighteenth-century house-party at a Surrey mansion which has an air of magic. It reminds me of the revue skit on Tchekov's play, "The Seagull," where the hostess keeps repeating "There is something peculiar about this house." There was something peculiar, too, about one of the guests at Taveridge Hall, a gentleman who dabbled in the occult and admired Satan. Whether it was his doing, or Satan's, or the spell of Taveridge itself—all the members of that house-party fell into a dream state; and a green lacquer pavilion depicted on a Chinese screen in the drawing-room became for them a real, full-size pavilion into which they all entered. Once inside they separated into various groups or individuals, whose strange experiences—among pirates, cannibals, or Eastern potentates—are separately recorded. In this dream world they could indulge dreams which the real world had denied them.

The book is very well written, with a delicate sense of satire and a clever effect of plausibility. To create such fantasies calls for higher skill than the description of actualities, and I consider the author has achieved an imaginative *tour de force*. Mr. Dulac's decorative woodcuts, with their touch of quaint Oriental fancy, are quite in keeping with the spirit of the story. It would lend itself admirably, however, to colour illustration in his richest vein, and I should not be surprised to see later an *édition de luxe*.

Does the strange influence exercised by that spell-binding guest at the Taveridge dinner-party, I wonder, find scientific support from the following passage in another book? "When two men sit side by side they set free their od mutually upon each other; the man on the right gets a discharge of negative od from the man on the left; the man on the left positive od from the man on his right." I quote this from "REICHENBACH'S LETTERS ON OD AND MAGNETISM" (1852), published for the first time in English; translated, with Introduction, by F. D. O'Byrne, Interpreter to the International Congress of Radiology (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net). Baron Carl Reichenbach (1788-1869) was a German physicist who sought "a scientific basis for the facts of the 'spirit-intercourse.'" He became aware of an unrecorded natural force. "This force," he says, "fits in between electricity, magnetism, and heat, without being identifiable with any of the three; so . . . I have provisionally designated it by the word 'Od.' . . . Od is a cosmic force that radiates from star to star, and has the whole universe for its field, just like light and heat." One detects here—to vary a phrase of Matthew Arnold's—a certain "license of affirmation about Od."

I must leave the worthy Baron to radiate in his own od, or (vulgarly) stew in his own juice. His theory interests me, however, because it resembles one conceived, on mystical rather than scientific grounds, by my father-in-law, who is the subject of a new book entitled "ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, a Study of his Thought and Poetry," by Margaret F. Burrows (Blackwell; 8s. 6d. net).

"I have discovered," says Hawker, "among other things a new and another element: the Atmosphere of God and Angels. I have named it 'Numyne.' Remember I claim the word." Again, he writes: "In these days, when thought leaps to thought and lives along the wire . . . when by and by a voice will girdle the whole earth with a king's supreme command in the twinkling of an eye . . . we may easily conceive the transit of prayer." His Numyne is "a sacramental sea of light . . . an element so rarefied, thin, elastic, pure, that it forms the

medium or woof wherein the solar light undulates." Hawker's words, written some seventy years ago, were a poetic and religious forecast of modern radiology and the wonders of wireless. "Where Tennyson represented the doubts of his age," says Miss Burrows, "Hawker stood away from his time, and saw each new discovery, not as an alarming catastrophe, but as another witness to the truth."

I must not dwell too long upon this book merely because it has for myself so deep a personal and domestic interest, but I should like to say—speaking as one of Hawker's biographers—that I think it is far the best

study of him, on his serious side, that has yet appeared, and I welcome it as the first work, written with a wide knowledge of literature and from a standpoint of complete detachment, to do him justice as a thinker and a mystic. It brings out much that previous writers on him have overlooked. Miss Burrows allowed us to read her book in typescript, and many talks we had about it. On only one point did I venture to disagree with her—the fact that, while granting Hawker wit, repartee, a love of jests, and "quick perception of the ridiculous," she denies him a real sense of humour.

Her estimate of Hawker's religious verse has links of

Turning to a volume of current dramatic criticism—"THE CONTEMPORARY THEATRE," by James Agate, with an Introduction by C. E. Montague (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net)—I am conscious of the difference between the critic in the library and the critic in the newspaper office. The latter has no time, and is not required, to go deeply into theory; he is concerned with the play of the moment, questions of human nature and conduct arising from it, with the acting, and even with the actresses' frocks; his comments must be bright, readable, and stimulating, but not too profound. Mr. Agate fulfils these requirements admirably, but the journalistic character of his book is evident from the opening sentence of one essay: "This is easily the best play of a good week." I hardly think Mr. Read would accept Mr. Montague's contention that "All great critical writing is the beautiful modulating of some cry of delight."

I can vouch, however, for the truth of another statement as to the infectiousness of enjoyment finely expressed. "Sometimes," he says, "a boy who has never thought of poetry as anything but dead stodge buried in old books will make his first discovery of literature simply by hearing some friend repeat a few lines with a gusto which raises their beauty from the dead." Such an experience actually befell me at Uppingham. The quoter was the school's fast bowler—a Larwood of his day—and the poem he quoted began—

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk.

We did not need a kymograph to appreciate the "Ode to a Nightingale."

Mr. Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" is pronounced "a great play" by Mr. Agate, and this brings me to the published edition of its successor, "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS," a tragedy in four acts (Macmillan; 5s. net), which contains a finely drawn pencil portrait of the new Irish dramatist by P. Tuohy. I have not yet seen the play staged, but it reads exceedingly well, except for the parts given to two British N.C.O.s—a sergeant and a corporal—who use a speech that "never was, on sea or land." With Irish idiom, of course, the author is quite at home, and the native dialogue is admirably done, not without a strong seasoning of humour in the earlier acts. As in "Juno," the scene is laid in a Dublin tenement during the troublous days.

A greater and longer fight for freedom than that which distracted Ireland is chronicled in "THE LIBERATION OF MANKIND," the Story of Man's Struggle for the Right to Think, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Ancient Man" (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net). The author describes his book as "a volume dedicated to the subject of 'tolerance,'" but I should call it rather a history of intolerance. He has done on a larger scale, in a more colloquial and dramatic style, and with more satire and bitterness, pretty much what Professor Bury did in his "History of Freedom of Thought."

Mr. Van Loon gives a chapter to Voltaire's championship of persecuted French Protestants, and this led me naturally to a new volume in the Republic of Letters series devoted to the Patriarch of Ferney. Opening at random "VOLTAIRE,"

by Richard Aldington (Routledge; 6s. net), I chanced on these words: "History, again, convinced Voltaire that the great enemies of human happiness are 'injustice and intolerance.'" Voltaire, as Mr. Aldington points out, has become a legend, but few English readers nowadays know much about him. This short volume compressing the main facts is distinctly welcome. The subject is immense, and "the aim of the writer is to provide a guide-book to the continent of Voltaire." Here is a "grand tour" for the holidays that is worth doing.

C. E. B.



A FAMOUS ARTIST'S ILLUSTRATION TO "THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION": ONE OF THE NINE CUTS BY EDMUND DULAC—"MR. CLARE AND HER TRANSPARENCY, THE PRINCESS AMARANTHA."

Reproduced from "The Green Lacquer Pavilion," by Helen Beauclerk. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. W. Collins, Sons and Co.

cognate interest with the chapters on poetry—especially that on metaphysical poetry—in Mr. Herbert Read's "REASON AND ROMANTICISM," Essays in Literary Criticism (Faber and Gwyer; 7s. 6d. net). The closest link is a passage on Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas, Hawker's two chief literary heroes. But Mr. Read, whose book deserves careful study, traverses much wider ground; he discusses critical principles in general, comedy, dialogue, and the modern novel, with special chapters on Diderot and his disciples, Smollett, and the Brontës. His object is to establish scientific standards of criticism in place of vague appreciation, and he would presumably discourage mere "adventures of the soul among masterpieces."

The critic, I think, can be a little too scientific, as in applying to poetry an instrument called the kymograph, which is used in the Phonetic Laboratory at University College to measure the exact duration of every syllable. "For example," Mr. Read points out, "a simple line of Tennyson's, when measured, shows the following ratios of duration—

The long light shakes across the lakes"
12 : 31 : 27 : 45 : 7 : 34 : 9 : 55

This seems to me like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. In discussing drama, Mr. Read defines happily the modern view regarding the relation of art to morals—as opposed to the direct didacticism of Diderot and Voltaire—in the phrase: "The work of art no longer expresses a moral purpose: it implies one."



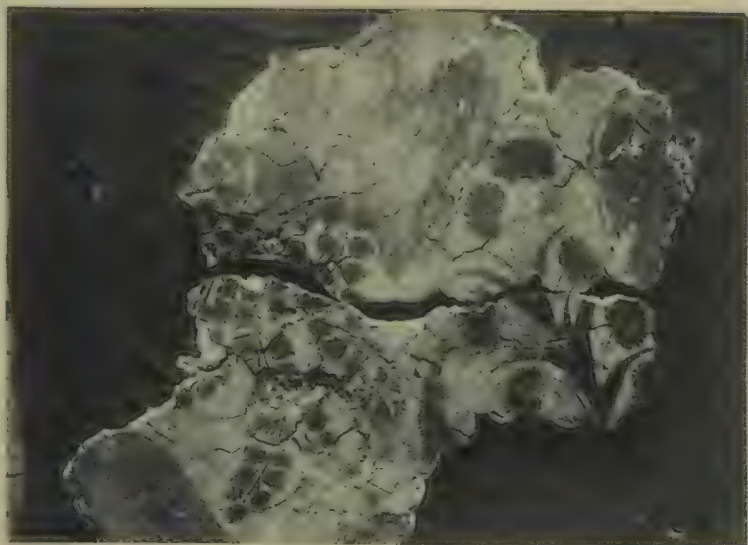
AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION": MISS HELEN BEAUCLERK—A CHARMING PORTRAIT BY THE ILLUSTRATOR, MR. EDMUND DULAC, FORMING THE FRONTISPIECE.

Reproduced from "The Green Lacquer Pavilion." By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. W. Collins, Sons and Co.

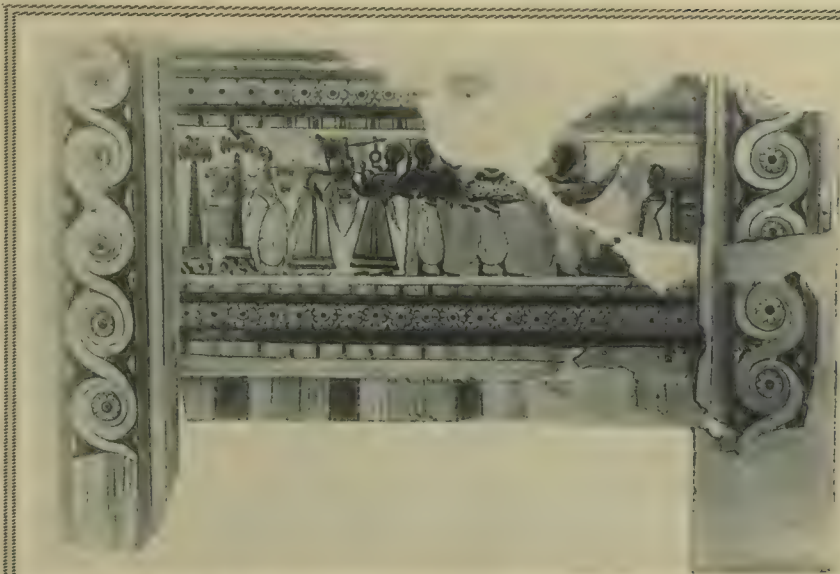
(See Review on this page.)

DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE: TREASURES OF THE CANDIA MUSEUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN ARCHEOLOGICAL MISSION IN CRETE. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR. No. 3 BY COURTESY OF MARIANNI.



A TREASURE INCLUDED IN THOSE THAT WERE MOST DAMAGED: THE FLOWERS FRESCO FROM HAGHIA TRIADA, WHICH WAS FIXED TO THE WESTERN WALL OF THE GREAT HALL



A LATE MINOAN TREASURE WHOSE FATE IS UNKNOWN AT THE TIME OF WRITING: THE FAMOUS SARCOPHAGUS FROM HAGHIA TRIADA, THE MOST REMARKABLE PAINTING OF ITS PERIOD KNOWN.

SENDING us these photographs, Professor Federico Halbherr rightly calls the damage done in the world-famous museum of Candia by the recent earthquakes "an archæological disaster," for many treasures of Minoan art have been badly damaged, and some of them have been destroyed. With regard to the photographs, the following notes may be made. The flowers and the cat frescoes from Haghia Triada were fixed to the west wall of the Great Hall of the Museum and suffered severely; while a neighbouring fresco from the same site, which depicted a sitting goddess with a flounced robe, was shattered. Masonry fell from the gables and parts of the ceiling on to the cases, whose contents were injured, but, fortunately, not irreparably. A further earthquake at Candia is reported.



FINE FIGURES THAT HAVE BEEN BROKEN IN HALF, BUT ARE REPAIRABLE: THE GODDESSES OF THE SNAKES; WITH OTHER OBJECTS FROM THE SHRINE OF THE PALACE OF CNOSSOS.



WHERE CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE WAS DONE: CASES WITH TREASURES FROM CNOSSOS IN THE GREAT HALL—THE BRONZE DOUBLE-AXE OF HAGHIA TRIADA IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND; THE SNAKE GODDESS'S CASE ON THE LEFT.



A TREASURE INCLUDED IN THOSE THAT WERE MOST DAMAGED: THE CAT FRESCO FROM HAGHIA TRIADA.

The first report of the recent Mediterranean earthquakes, which was dated "Athens, June 27," said: "There was an exceptionally violent and long earthquake about ten o'clock last night at Candia (Megalostron), in Crete, which caused considerable damage and provoked a panic among the inhabitants. . . . The archæological museum at Candia is almost entirely destroyed." Fortunately, a later statement, made by Sir Arthur Evans and, as will be noted, corroborated by Professor Federico Halbherr, gave the early rumours as exaggerated, although the damage done was serious enough. Sir Arthur's communication said: "Masonry

from the gables and parts of the ceiling and cornices fell into the Great Hall, especially damaging the cases at the south end with fresco remains from Cnossos. These were broken up and covered with debris, including the beautiful fresco of the 'Saffron-Gatherer,' the earliest of all. . . . Injuries to the objects in the upright cases are comparatively slight, though the faience figures of the snake goddess were broken in two. My own impression is that much may be ultimately restored." Later still, the Ephor of Cretan Antiquities telegraphed that the damage to the Museum was considerable, but not irreparable.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, G.P.U., "TIMES," C.N., AND TOPICAL.



ON THE CLIFFS NEAR WHICH THE "HAMPSHIRE" WENT DOWN: THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL TOWER UNVEILED ON MARWICK HEAD.



TO BE "SCRAPPED" OWING TO THE OPENING OF THE NEW THANET RAILWAY: THE OLD HARBOUR STATION AT RAMSGATE.



SHOWING THE OVERTURNED LOCOMOTIVE AND SPLINTERED AND TELESCOPED COACHES: SALVAGE MEN AT WORK AFTER THE DISASTER TO THE HAVRE-PARIS EXPRESS.



TWISTED AND TORN ALMOST BEYOND RECOGNITION: THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE FIVE COACHES TELESCOPED WHEN THE HAVRE-PARIS EXPRESS LEFT THE RAILS, AT THE JUNCTION AT ACHIÈRES.



TO THE UNKNOWN SCOUT WHO BROUGHT THE SCOUT MOVEMENT TO THE U.S.A. A STATUE OF A BISON DEDICATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Kitchener Memorial Tower on Marwick Head, Orkney, "on that corner of his country, which he served so faithfully, nearest to the place where he died on duty," was unveiled by General Lord Horne on July 2.—The famous old Harbour Station at Ramsgate has been closed, and is to be demolished owing to the completion of the new Thanet Railway, which connects the whole of the Southern Company's system in Kent.—Eighteen persons were killed and over seventy injured on July 3 when the Havre to Paris express was derailed at a junction at Achières during a terrific storm.—Accompanied by the United States



THE HYDE PARK PARADE OF OVER 12,000 OF THE METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY RESERVE: THE PRINCE SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF "B" DIVISION.

Ambassador and the Chief Scout, the Prince of Wales attended, on Sunday, July 4, the dedication of a bronze statue of a bison presented by America and set up in Epping Forest. The inscription reads: "To the Unknown Scout whose faithfulness in the performance of the Daily Good Turn brought the Scout Movement to the United States of America."—On the same afternoon the Prince inspected 12,300 men of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve and Auxiliary Forces in Hyde Park, and presented the silver challenge cup and medals won in the inter-divisional drill competition by the "B" Division (Chelsea).

"LONELIEST" ISLAND—TO OXFORD: PICTURES FROM FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUTHRIE, P. AND A., FOX PHOTOS, HILLS AND SAUNDERS.



RE-ESTABLISHING COMMUNICATION WITH TRISTAN DA CUNHA, LONELIEST OF ISLANDS: LOWERING A GIFT-LADEN RAFT FROM THE "ORCA."



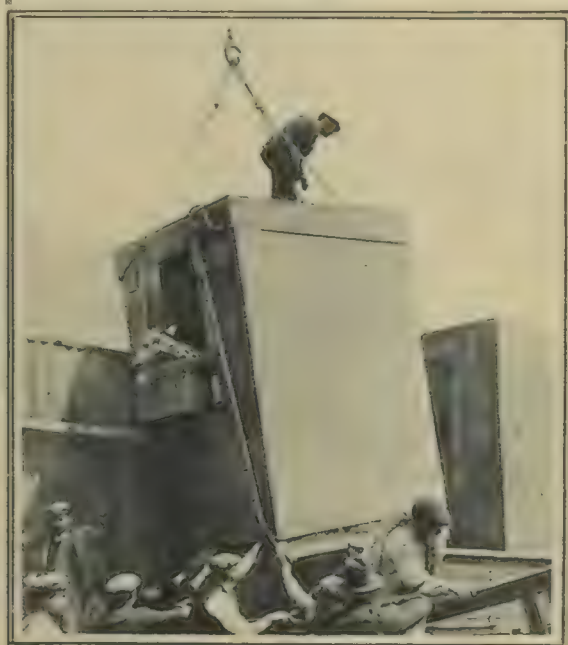
WITH A 10-H.P. CITROËN TO GIVE AN IDEA OF ITS SIZE: THE NEW SIX-WHEELED MOTOR-CAR FOR PASSENGER TRAFFIC ACROSS THE SYRIAN DESERT.



AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE COMING-OF-AGE FÊTE OF THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY.



ON A BRIEF VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



AFRICAN "BABIES" IN THEIR "CRADLES": UNSHIPING YOUNG GIRAFFES SENT TO THE "ZOO" FROM THE SUDAN.



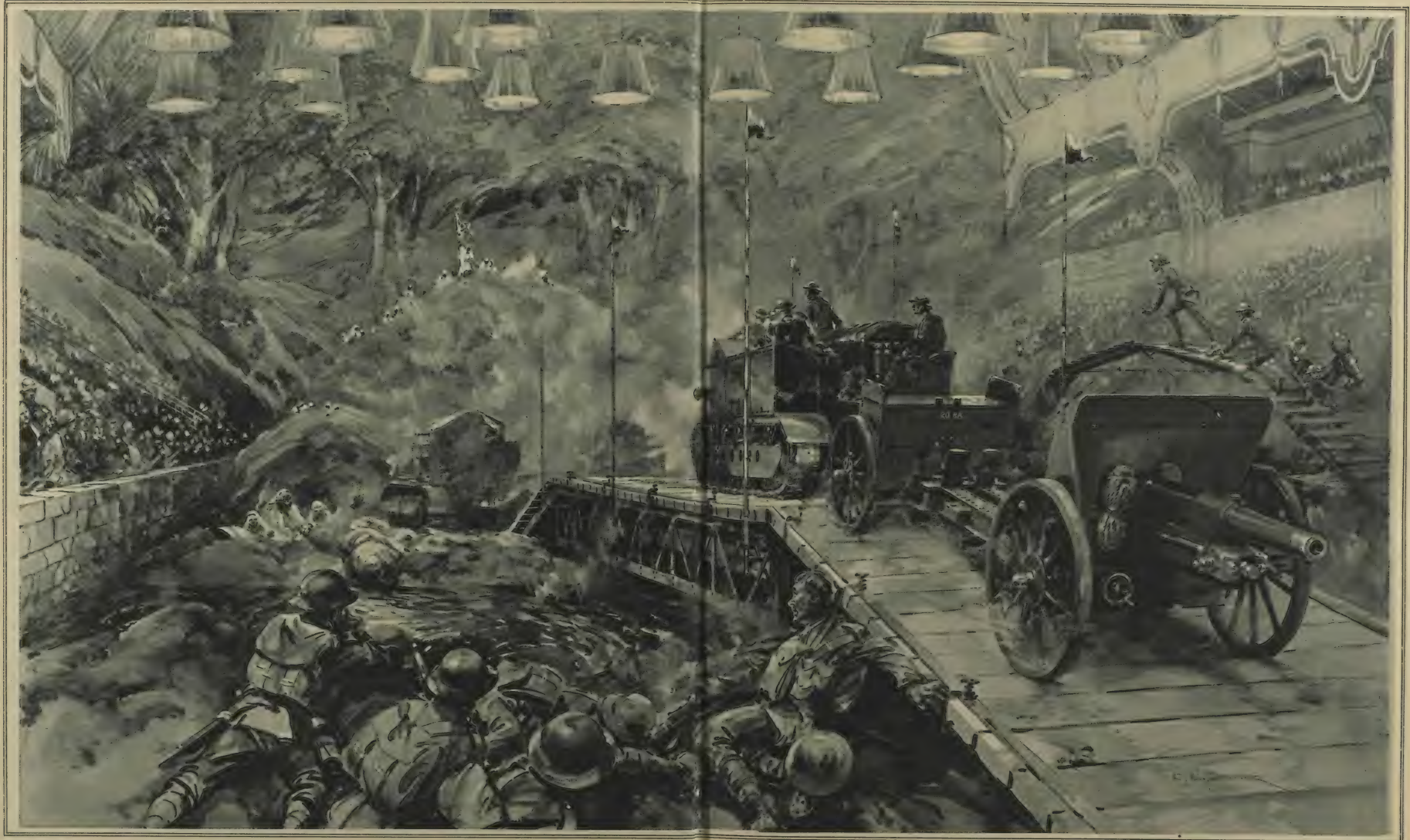
THE FIRST OCCASION ON WHICH A REIGNING MONARCH HAS ATTENDED THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE TO RECEIVE A DEGREE: HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SPAIN AT OXFORD—(FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR, LADY CAVE, LORD CAVE (THE CHANCELLOR), THE KING OF SPAIN, MR. JOSEPH WELLS (THE VICE-CHANCELLOR), THE MARQUESA DE MERRY DEL VAL, AND THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

That loneliest of islands, Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, is seldom visited by steamers. Communication was re-established last May, when the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamer "Orca," then engaged on an African cruise, sent adrift in the current a raft laden with gifts for the inhabitants.—One of the new six-wheeled motor-cars which the Nairn Transport Company are to use for passenger traffic across the Syrian Desert recently did a successful 1400-mile test run from Beirut to Ramadi (eighty miles from Baghdad) and back. The passengers sit in padded arm-chairs and the vehicle is most efficiently sprung.—

The Austin Motor Company celebrated its twenty-first year of life and industry at the works at Longbridge by a great gala fête. Some eight thousand employés were present.—The young giraffes recently arrived at the "Zoo" from Port Sudan are males, approximately fifteen months old. They are of the sub-species, *Giraffa camelopardalis antiquorum*.—The visit to this country of the King and Queen of Spain is unofficial, but on July 5 his Majesty went to Oxford, to receive the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Thus for the first time in the history of Oxford a reigning monarch attended personally to receive a degree.

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE "BIFFS": THE GREAT SPECTACLE AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



A "DRAGON" AND ITS GUN CROSSING A GIRDER BRIDGE DURING THE ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY STRONGHOLD: A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER—AT OLYMPIA.

The Royal Tournament, at Olympia, postponed from May, owing to the General Strike, has two new spectacular displays, in addition to the customary features. One of these is a realistic North-West Frontier fight, showing an attack under modern conditions by a force of all arms against a well-equipped warlike tribe. The "Biffs's" stronghold is first attacked by infantry and R.N. Seamen and Royal Marines, over a ravine bridged by a temporary "assault" gangway. Mules carry light field pieces over this bridge. During this "forlorn hope," a strong girder bridge is built by engineers, and over this tanks cross the "river" and, followed by infantry, charge up the steep mountain-side. The drawing shows a "Dragon" crossing the girder bridge surrounded by bursts of enemy shell-fire.

On the near bank "casualties" and survivors of the supporting infantry are seen in the foreground. Behind the girder bridge are the assault bridge and the pack bridge. Runners cross the assault bridge to the "front"; mules return by the pack bridge from the first attack with light field artillery. In the middle distance a tank is attacking a strong point defended by an enemy machine-gun nest, whilst, in the distant hills fronting the village, the enemy stubbornly resist. Another picturesque feature of the Tournament is the drill by musketeers and pikemen carried out by men of the Guards in the uniform of the period of the Restoration.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



HITTING ONE TO THE BOUNDARY OFF McBRIDE: R. J. O. MEYER DURING THE FIRST INNINGS, IN WHICH HE SCORED 23 FOR CAMBRIDGE.



AN ATTEMPT TO STUMP WHICH WAS NOT SUCCESSFUL: ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE FIRST INNINGS OF MEYER, OF CAMBRIDGE.



DURING HIS INNINGS OF 51: H. J. ENTHOVEN, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN, HITS A BALL TO LEG



AFTER A DELAYED START DUE TO THE RAIN: THE OXFORD ELEVEN GOING OUT TO FIELD.

The break-up in the weather prevented any possibility of sensational scoring on the first day of the University cricket match at Lord's. Play was not possible until half-past two, and the attendance was poor, but those who were present saw more straight driving than has been seen in a first-class match for many a long day. Cambridge won the toss, and the first three batsmen, Dawson, Seabrook, and Duleepsinhji, were all caught at second slip off McCanlis for sixteen runs, when Enthoven went in to bat and to run up a score of 51. The next highest score was made

GOOD SPORT ON A WET WICKET: THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



PUNISHING A LOOSE BALL FROM THE OXFORD BOWLER, McCANLIS: K. S. DULEEPSINHJI, WHO SCORED ONLY SIX IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



TOSSING THE COIN, WHICH FAVOURED CAMBRIDGE: G. B. LEGGE (OXFORD) AND H. J. ENTHOVEN, THE TWO CAPTAINS.

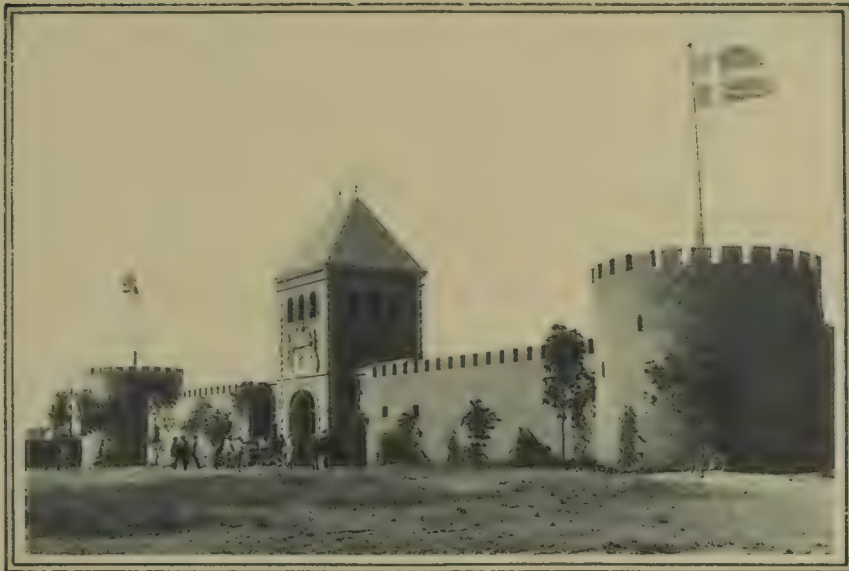


GOING OUT TO BAT FOR CAMBRIDGE ON A WET WICKET: R. G. H. LOWE AND H. J. ENTHOVEN ON THE FIRST DAY.

by R. W. V. Robins, who, after making 37, slipped and hit his wicket. The innings closed for 178. Oxford's first innings yielded 162.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUS. BUREAU, TOPICAL, WAHL, AND CENT. EUROPEAN PRESS.



ELSINORE, THE TOWN ASSOCIATED WITH "HAMLET," CELEBRATES THE FIVE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RECEIPT OF ITS CHARTER: THE RECONSTRUCTED WALL.



A SCENE SUGGESTING THE WILD WEST: THE SHERIFF OF OXFORD'S ROUND-UP OF CATTLE ON PORT MEADOW—BEASTS NEARING THE "POUND" BY GODSTOW NUNNERY.



"UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE ALLUVIAL DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA": THE GREAT RUSH OF FROM TEN TO FIFTEEN THOUSAND RUNNERS TO PEG-OUT CLAIMS AT ELANDSPUTTE, WHERE STONES ARE PLENTIFUL, BUT WERE FOUND TO BE TOO SMALL AND POOR.



"PHYSICAL JERKS" BY 14,000 GIRLS: A SCENE IN THE STADIUM AT PRAGUE DURING THE SOKOL GYMNASTIC FESTIVAL OF 127,000 PERFORMERS.

Elsinore is celebrating, during this month and next, the five-hundredth anniversary of the receipt of its charter. A reproduction of a mediæval street has been built, and a part of the old town wall reconstructed. The attractions include a stage as arranged in Shakespeare's day; performances of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Everyman"; and various pageants—to say nothing of a Quincentenary Exhibition.—A few days ago, the Sheriff had a round-up of cattle on the Port Meadow at Oxford. All the beasts were impounded by the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, and those that were "strays" had to be bailed-out by their owners.—To quote a South African paper, "Scenes unparalleled in the history of the alluvial diamond fields of South Africa took place at Elandsputte, when from ten to fifteen

thousand diggers competed in a gigantic rush for claims. . . . The runners included at least six South African champion and ex-champion runners, and one Olympic Games veteran." One champion was to receive £50 if he pegged a good claim for his employer. Before long, many had deserted their claims, finding that, although stones are plentiful, they are small and poor—and water is as dear as it is scarce.—Prague's Sokol Festival, which began on July 4, is the eighth of its kind since the foundation of the movement by Tyrs and Fügner in 1862. In 1880, the first Congress of this purely Czech gymnastic association was attended by only 720 performers. This year 127,000 men and women, boys and girls, took part. The special stadium is so built that 14,000 can go through their exercises at a time.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., PHOTOPRESS, KEYSTONE, SWAINE, CLARKE, ABERY, BASSANO, S. AND G., AND C.N.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR EDWARD TINDAL
ATKINSON, K.C.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR HERBERT BAKER,
A.R.A., F.R.I.B.A.



AN APOSTLE OF CURE BY
SUGGESTION:
THE LATE M. EMILE COUÉ.



A NEW KNIGHT:
COL. SIR HENRY GEORGE
LYONS, F.R.S.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR HENRY COWARD,
M.A., MUS.DOC.

THE NEW LIBRARIAN
TO THE KING, IN SUC-
CESSION TO SIR JOHN
FORTESCUE: MR. OWEN
F. MORSHEAD, D.S.O.,
M.C., M.A.



WELL KNOWN
AS AN ART-
PUBLISHER AND
AS PIONEER OF
PICTURE POST-
CARDS: THE
LATE SIR
ADOLPH TUCK.



IDENTIFIED WITH THE
MERSEY DOCKS AND
HARBOUR BOARD:
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS
DANSON.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR STANLEY
MACHIN, PRE-
SIDENT OF THE
ASSOCIATION OF
BRITISH
CHAMBERS OF
COMMERCE.



CREATED A BARON:
MR. HENRY SEYMOUR BERRY.



A NEW KNIGHT:
SIR FRANCIS E. LACEY.



A NEW K.B.E.:
CAPTAIN SIR ARTHUR H. ROSTON.



A NEW DAME COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH
EMPIRE: DAME MARY SCHARLIEB, M.D.



A NEW DAME COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH
EMPIRE: DAME MADGE KENDAL-GRIMSTON.

Sir Edward Tindal Atkinson, K.C., has been Railway and Canal Commissioner since 1919.—Sir Herbert Baker is the distinguished architect who has done such fine work in this country and in South Africa, and was collaborating architect with Sir Edwin Lutyens for the new capital at Delhi.—M. Emile Coué, who died at Nancy on July 2, will be remembered for his demonstrations of his method of cure by auto-suggestion, and he it was who invented the haunting phrase, "Every day, in every way, I feel better and better."—Sir Henry Lyons is Director, and Secretary of the Science Museum.—Sir Henry Coward is conductor of the Sheffield Musical Union.—Mr. Morshead, who was born in 1893, served with distinction in the war, and became assistant secretary of the Cambridge University Appointments Board in 1920.—Sir Adolph Tuck, head of Raphael

Tuck and Sons, the art publishers, specialised in Christmas and other seasonal greeting cards and in picture postcards.—The only new Baron in the Honours List gets his recognition for public, political, and philanthropic services.—Sir Francis Danson, who was an average-adjuster, was identified with the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, of which he was one of the oldest members; with Liverpool University, with the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the Liverpool Institute, and the School of Tropical Medicine.—Dame Mary Scharlieb is consulting gynaecologist to the Royal Free Hospital.—Sir Francis Eden Lacey became Secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club in 1898.—Sir Arthur Roston is captain of the "Mauretania."—Dame Madge Kendal-Grimston is that famous actress, Mrs. Kendal. She receives her honour for services to the drama.

A "VICTORY" IN LITTLE—AND A VOGUE: A NAPOLEONIC PRISONER'S WORK.



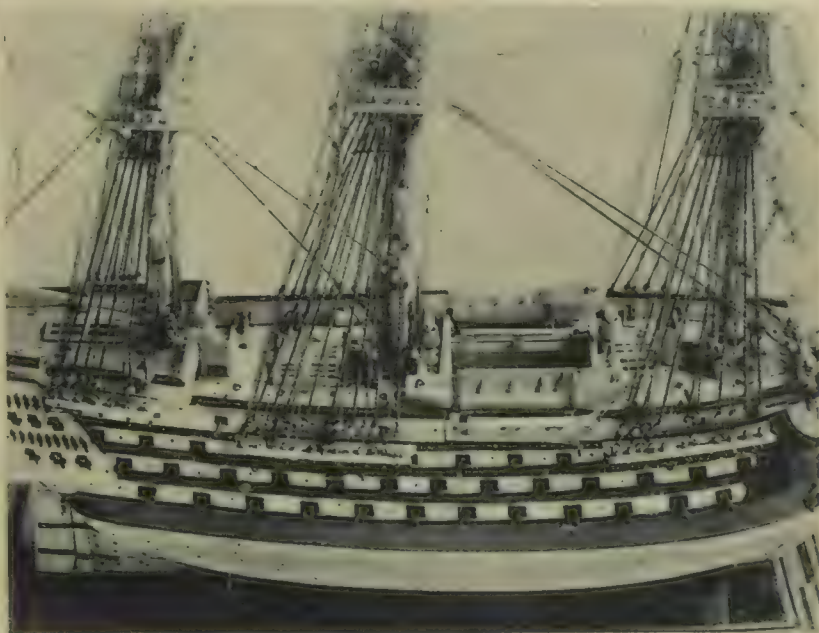
EXQUISITELY CARVED IN BONE, WITH RIGGING OF SPUN HUMAN HAIR: A LITTLE MODEL (ONLY 18 INCHES LONG) OF A THREE-DECKER OF THE TRAFALGAR PERIOD—THE STARBOARD SIDE.



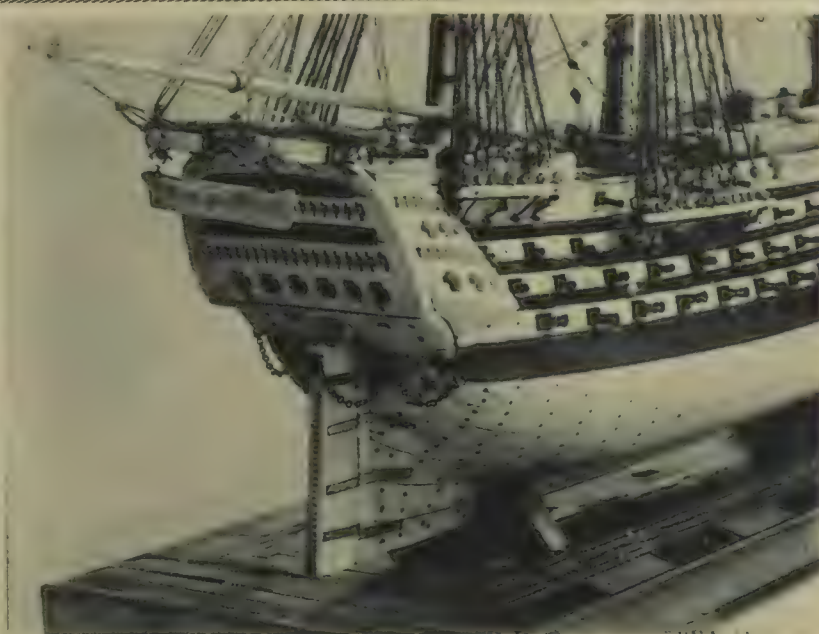
CLOSELY RESEMBLING NELSON'S "VICTORY": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MODEL MAN-OF-WAR, CARVED BY A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR IN ENGLAND DURING THE NAPOLEONIC ERA.



THE ONLY FEATURE THAT PREVENTS IT FROM BEING A MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" HERSELF: THE FIGURE-HEAD—A NEARER VIEW OF THE BOWS; SHOWING GUNS IN THE PORT-HOLES.



SHOWING THE MINUTE CARE WITH WHICH EVERY DETAIL OF CONSTRUCTION AND RIGGING HAS BEEN CARRIED OUT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DECK; WITH TWO OF THE SHIP'S BOATS.



ENRICHED WITH MOST DELICATE CARVING TO REPRESENT ORNAMENTAL TIMBERWORK OF THE TRAFALGAR PERIOD: THE STERN OF THE MODEL; WITH A THIRD BOAT SLUNG FROM THE TOP.

There is an irresistible charm about things in little, notably in those miniature models of ships for which there has been so remarkable a vogue of late. Probably the finest of all models are those in making which many French prisoners of war during the Napoleonic era beguiled the long years of their incarceration. These were usually fashioned out of bone, the rigging being made of spun human hair, and the minuteness and accuracy of carving, in the infinity of detail which the work required, was only possible to a worker possessed not only of knowledge and skill, but endless leisure. A remarkably fine example is the one here illustrated, which is on view, with other fascinating ship models,

at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. It represents a hundred-gun ship of the line of the Trafalgar period, and, but for the figure-head (which seems to confirm it as the work of a contemporary French prisoner of war), it might very well be a model of the "Victory" herself. It bears a strong resemblance to Nelson's ship as she probably was in her day, though differing from the rig to which later generations visiting Portsmouth became accustomed. The exquisite carving is well brought out in the "close-up" of the stern, while the minute and loving care bestowed upon every detail can be seen in the general view of the deck. The whole length from bowsprit to stern is only some 18 inches.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"A DOG'S CHANCE" (AND A LEON M. LION'S SHARE).—MOLIÈRE IN ENGLISH.—ATHENE SEYLER.

OH those last acts, as in "A Dog's Chance," at Q! For two-thirds of the performance you have enjoyed yourself, eager to know how it will all pan out. Then comes the third, which should be a grand *finale*, and flop go play and pleasure! That's why I never pose as a prophet in the *entr'actes*, and always think of Basil Hood, of musical-comedy fame. He wrote in the Hebrew fashion—last act first; and

with Miss Beatrice Lewissohn, who was a delightful and appealing Cockney girl. Mr. Lion revels in these studies of the underworld, and he plays them not only to the life, but shows in manifold little touches how close is his observation. Full of humour he is, too. His was the lion's share of personal success, and but for the rambling of the last act he would have made a "No. 17" of "A Dog's Chance."

There is one thing that should always be considered when criticising Molière performances in English. There is an insuperable difference of race and temperament between the French and the English. One cannot, for all ingenuity, effort, and natural talent, turn an English player into a French one. It is always the case of "*chassez le naturel, il revient en galop*." The Anglo-Saxon is the very contrast to those of Latin blood. Now and again there is an instinct which I would call "dual"—the possibility of creating make-believe so near to the original that within an ace there is no vestige of the different temperament. We felt that in marked degree in the acting of Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Mr. Thesiger in the, on the whole, excellent performance of the Renaissance Players in "Le Malade Imaginaire." But for the language, these two were very nearly French of the seventeenth century, as we visualise them in our imagination guided by tradition. Both she, as the feline Béline, he as the pompous ass, Diafoirus *père*, had the glibness of tongue, the Machiavellian manner, the subtle touch in mock grandeur, the tongue-in-cheek humour not unmixed with bitterness, which in French players of distinction is innate and in English players exceptional and accidental.

I do not know whether either of these renowned artists has been educated in France and thus learned the French *allure*, but they exhibited it without conveying the impression of a *tour de force*. And yet there was a certain something in their portrayal which was unmistakable when they played in the same scenes with Mlle. Jeanne de Casalis, who is of French parentage. Her Toinette was a masterly performance that would have passed muster at the Comédie Française. In Miss de Casalis we had Gallicism in all it stands for of vivacity, of roguishness, of grace, and of infinite variety of gesticulation. It is difficult to express its piquancy: it radiates in eye and smile—and the twist of an ankle; in the whip-up of her frock; in the play of hands; in her general mobility. In her humour she just displays that touch of bitterness which marked Toinette as the one sane person in a surrounding of fools and rogues, and intensely illuminated the satire of the play.

Apart from the racial differences, there reigned a tone of suavity in the performance which, as one critic truly remarks, is not quite the right note. Molière was out for flagellation of the doctors as well as the inheritance-hunters. We should hear the whip all the time. But our actors, generally excellent as they were and full of zest, played more in the vein of wild farce and extravaganza than in the satirical spirit. Thus they created great amusement—the house literally rocked with laughter—and very likely the able producer, Mr. George de Warfaz, knowing his material and also considering the short space of time at his command for rehearsals, rightly preferred the ingenuous to the ingenious method of projection. It takes a long time to attune foreign actors to the spirit of Molière and his age. And therefore it was wise not to try to force the unattainable. But, at any rate, this second effort of playing Molière in English, after many years, goes to prove that we can render this master accessible to our public; in fact, that his plays deserve more popularity on our stage than they have hitherto enjoyed.

With a little stretch of imagination there is a distinct likeness between Athene Seyler and Marie Tempest. And the resemblance is not merely facial, but in manner. Both are different from their sister-comédiennes. They have a slight air of the exotic, something of the Latin races, and in Miss Seyler's speech there is still a little flavour of an accent that adds to its piquancy. Again, both have the elegance, the grace of manner, the inexpressible yet impressive "*je ne sais quoi*" of the Parisienne. And, especially

in her latter development, Miss Seyler approaches the *finesse* of our greatest *comédienne*.

There was a time when Miss Seyler, in her zeal to make the most of her parts, was not always quite natural. She had a little way of firing her repartee into the audience, and after each shot sending a gleam across the footlights in the enjoyment of her effect. But that was her only mannerism, the one flaw in her perfect art. For not only in appearance does she differ from other actresses: from the very first moment she conveys the impression of a brain at work. She knows the value of word and gesture, and infuses them both with meaning. There is nothing casual in her playing, yet nothing forced. Hers is the art to avoid artifice.

Although her personality is strong, it lends itself readily to transformation. Her Titania was as eerie an elf as ever floated through the stream, and her voice became modulated to the chant of poetry. She reached her high-water mark in "The Mask and the Face." Her Javina was a wonderful blend of humour and satire. A little devilry lurked in her laughter and her tears. In her acting there is always something that makes us men feel that we are the weaker sex—that we are the fools in paradise. See how, in "Billeted," she handles and reconquers her wayward husband. The poor fellow does not know that he is snared all the time, for does she not babble and play Miss Innocence, with the sweetest of smiles and the chirruping of a linnet? Yet we, the audience, see through the game; the eye winks it at us; the cute corner in her mouth insinuates it, even when she listens to his bluster of words. But—and that is the quality of her art—even in that fencing and feeling she lets us dip beyond the surface, reveals the real woman beneath the mummery. As she perceives the approach of her victim, her manner changes, her voice softens; anon she becomes clinging, and in her whisper rings love commingled with passion. For she is not only a *comédienne*—although but very rarely is she allowed to play parts of greater inwardness—she is an emotional actress, full of fire and feeling, longing for an outlet. And a wise manager will be he who will kindle these suppressed powers to burst forth into flame.



FILMED IN DUTCH NEW GUINEA DURING A BRITISH EXPEDITION OF 40,000 MILES: MISS GRACE SAVIERI AS HEROINE OF "THE JUNGLE WOMAN," WITH GRASS SKIRT AND SNAKE.

Under the command of Captain Frank Hurley, the explorer-photographer, a little band of British film artists have just returned from a remarkable enterprise organised by Stoll Picture Productions. They travelled about 40,000 miles to produce two screen plays—"The Jungle Woman," among natives in Dutch New Guinea, and "Pearl of the South Seas," on Thursday Island. Miss Grace Savieri is an Australian actress. The film is illustrated on a double-page in this number.



RECENTLY "COMMANDED" TO ENTERTAIN THE KING AND QUEEN: MISS RUTH DRAPER—A COMPANY IN HERSELF AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, AND AN ARTIST IN THE MANIPULATION OF SHAWLS—AS A DALMATIAN PEASANT.

Miss Ruth Draper, who recently gave a "command" performance before their Majesties in the Drawing-Room at Windsor, is now giving her remarkable character sketches and monologues at the Garrick, two matinées a week, till July 23. Rarely, if ever, has a single artist, without scenery, filled the bill at a London theatre. By a clever manipulation of shawls, she presents many different types of character, from a Dalmatian peasant in a hospital hall to a New York Society woman in her boudoir.

he was often right. You may begin badly; it does not matter, provided all's well that ends well.

Now Sir Frank Popham Young began by interesting us—and, let me add in the same breath, he has the stuff in him that playwrights are made of—but he must learn the fulness of his art. A scene at grey dawn in the park; two couples have spent the night *al fresco*, and meet and clean up. They are typical of the netherworld, cute and common. Anon another couple in evening dress turn up. Theirs is evidently a *liaison*; they make furious love to one another. The loafers lounge behind a tree and listen. Here's a pretty chance for a bit of blackmail, and the ransom in the offing will set them up in a little home. The contrast of the quartette is vivid; the act a little slice of life. After the realism comes the second act—far too elaborate to relate, but clever comedy after the manner of the well-made play. Then comes the last act—all muddle and melodrama, coincidences and impossible situations. The play is entirely off the rails; as somebody whispered, we neither believe what we see nor a word of what is said. We are disappointed; perhaps the author was so, too; anyway, he has had his object-lesson. He will do much better after this.

His actors served him well. As the lovers, Mr. Malcolm Keen and Miss Jane Wood—an actress who is certain to shine in London one day as she shone for some years in the provinces—played with intensity and fine comedy instinct. Miss Vivien Rees as an *article de luxe* was capital in her capricious way; and Mr. Campbell Gullan, the reasoner of the occasion, laid down the law with the cool conviction of an advocate. But the vital spark of the play was Mr. Leon M. Lion as the loafer, happily partnered

THE BALLET OF THE TELEGRAPH BOY AND THE FILM STAR: "LA PASTORALE."



THE VILLAGERS AND THE PRANKISH YOUNG LADY WITH THE WALLET: Mlle. GEVERGEVA HAS TO GIVE UP HER BOOTY.



THE CINEMA PRODUCER IN PLUS FOURS: M. THADEE SLAVINSKY.



THE PRANKISH YOUNG LADY AND THE TELEGRAPH BOY: Mlle. GEVERGEVA AND M. SERGE LIFAR.

THE FILM STAR AND THE TELEGRAPH BOY: Mlle. DOUBROVSKA AND M. SERGE LIFAR.



THE FILM STAR POSING FOR THE CAMERA: Mlle. FELIA DOUBROVSKA.

"La Pastorale"—scenario by Boris Kochno, with music by Georges Auric, and scenery and costumes by Pruna—is one of the ultra-modern ballets given by the Diaghileff Company during their season at His Majesty's. It transports the audience to the world behind the scenes in the cinema, and provides a piquante variety of costumes, as may be seen from our page. The story centres round a telegraph boy. He arrives on his bicycle, and decides to bathe. While he is in the river, a prankish young lady arrives with her friends and steals his wallet. The boy then returns from the water and does not notice his loss. He falls asleep and wakes to find that a cinema company have taken possession of the meadow, erected a cinema town, and begun to make their picture. The boy falls in love with the beautiful screen star, and, in their absence, the village people cause trouble, as they have not received their post and telegrams. The cinema town is destroyed, and, after the departure of the company, the boy returns and rides off on his bicycle, accompanied by the prankish young lady, who regrets the trouble she has caused!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN has, as usual, looked handsome, happy, and interested at the innumerable engagements she has fulfilled throughout this season now drawing to a close. Her Majesty is to attend a



GIVER OF THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON: LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

year Lady Evelyn Guinness will have a ball on that night. She has a delightful house, 11, Grosvenor Place, and is a most successful hostess. Her oak-panelled dining-room is a copy of one in an old English house in the provinces, and she uses a long refectory table, with old glass and old silver, and beautiful old chairs. The fireplaces are also copies from old ones, and everything is in keeping. The large double drawing-room is in Louis Seize style, very spacious and beautifully proportioned, and as the balcony is on such occasions covered in and used for sitting out, as are other rooms on the same floor, there is plenty of space. Lady Evelyn's only daughter is a little over six years of age, but she has débutante nieces, daughters of the



WIFE OF OUR NEW MINISTER AT ATHENS: LADY LORRAINE.

Photograph by I.B.

of the Earl of Durham. Lady Anne was to have been presented at one of the early Courts, but was prevented from going by an attack of measles. Happily, she soon got well, and was with her father and

mother at the large political party they gave to meet the Prime Minister, and her presentation took place this week. She has five young sisters and one brother, Viscount Brackley, in his twelfth year. One of her ancestors, the third Duke of Bridgewater, was the great founder of inland navigation in England, and incidentally secured a magnificent revenue for his successors. He was the last Duke, and he left £150,000 worth of pictures to his nephew, who became Duke of Sutherland, with reversion to his second son.

A wedding which is due to take place at St. Mary's, Wimbledon, is that of Miss Gore-Langton. It will be almost the last of the season, taking place on the 27th. She is to marry Mr. George Ernest Gordon Hope-Johnstone, only son of the late George Wentworth Hope-Johnstone, who comes, if I mistake not, of a well-known County Westmeath family. Miss Anna Dorothea Florence Gore-Langton is the daughter of the Hon. Grenville Gore-Langton. She has been going out during the season with her great-aunt, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, from whose house, St. Mary's, Wimbledon,



TO BE MARRIED TO MR. GEORGE ERNEST HOPE-JOHNSTONE ON JULY 27: MISS GORE-LANGTON.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

the wedding will take place. It is surrounded by charming grounds. Miss Gore-Langton is slight and graceful, and has beautifully cut features and fine eyes. Her mother died when she was very young, and she has been much with the Duchess of Buckingham, who is a clever artist and a great traveller. The Duchess's town house is 18, Cadogan Square.

The wedding of Baroness Zouche and Sir Frederick

Frankland's only daughter interested many friends in town and from Sussex, where the bride is well known and a great favourite. The Baroness Zouche succeeded her cousin, who died unmarried over nine years ago. She is the seventeenth holder of the Barony created in August 1308, and is a co-heir to the Baronies of St. Maur and Grey of Codnor. Her husband is Sir Frederick Frankland, who is tenth Baronet, and of a family long in Yorkshire. The bride's elder brother is engaged to Miss Judith Leveson-Gower, who is a bridesmaid at her wedding on the 8th to Mr. O. L. Prior Palmer, at which eight bridesmaids and a small train-bearer—Miss Barbara Daniell, her cousin, daughter of Major and Mrs. John Daniell—are in attendance.

Another wedding fixed for the end of the season is that of Lady Bettie Feilding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, to Mr. E. G. Sherbrooke Walker, M.C., of March, Cambridgeshire. Lady Bettie is Lord Denbigh's sixth daughter; she has one younger unmarried sister; one of her elder sisters is a nun. Lady Dorothea Moore, another sister, did good work in the war, and has the Military Medal and star and the Order of Leopold of Belgium and the Croix de Guerre. She married in 1917 Captain Charles O'Hara Moore of Moorsfort and Aherlow Castle, County Tipperary. Captain Moore is in the Irish Guards. Lady Bettie

and her fiancé are of the Roman Catholic faith. The Feilding family is descended from the Counts of Hapsburg, who settled in England in the reign of

Henry III., the head of the family having been reduced to great poverty by the oppression of the then German Emperor Rodolph. The first Earl of Denbigh was a stout soldier on the Royalist side in the Civil War. His son joined the Parliament side, and his nephew succeeded on his death to the two Earldoms of Denbigh and Desmond, the latter an Irish one now one of the family honours. The present Lord Denbigh's first wife was a daughter of the eighth Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; she died in 1919, and in 1923 he married the present Countess, who was Miss Kathleen Emmet, of New York. A precious possession of Lord Denbigh's is a ring in which is a miniature of Charles I. set in diamonds, and received from the King on the scaffold by Sir Henry Firebrace, who attended his Majesty to that tragic place and whose daughter married the third Earl of Denbigh. The bride-elect was secretary to our Ambassador at Washington, Sir Esmé Howard, and since her return to London started and successfully conducted a ukelele shop in Bond Street.

Lady Lorraine, wife of Sir Percy Lorraine, Bt., our British Minister in Persia, who is now appointed to Athens, did an artistic work in supervising the re-decoration of the great Hall at Teheran when the new Shah was recently crowned. She is now home for a rest before Sir Percy goes to his new duties, after her highly successful efforts. She has proved herself a very able help to her husband, who has been at Teheran since 1921, and has herself become very popular. She comes of a clever and artistic family. Her father is Major-General the Hon. Edward James Stuart-Wortley, brother of the Earl of Wharncliffe, whose military and diplomatic career has been of great distinction. He is the owner of Highcliffe Castle, which was occupied for some time by the ex-Kaiser. His mother was one of the Guthries of Craigie, and is sister to Lady Rennell Rodd.

There has been, it would appear, some confusion about two of the foreign Princesses due to visit England this summer. Princess Astrid of Sweden and Princess Ingrid of Sweden.

The second, the granddaughter of the Duke of Connaught, is here, and goes about with Princess Helena Victoria and with the Baroness Palmstierna, wife of the Swedish Minister. She is not out in society, having only attained her sixteenth year in March last. The King and Queen have contrived for her to see a Court and some other interesting functions without being in evidence. Princess Astrid of Sweden has not as yet been announced as being in this country. The Infanta Beatriz of Spain was due to arrive on a visit to Princess Beatrice. She is sometimes confused with the Infanta Beatrice of Spain who is a daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: THE HON. MRS. PRIOR PALMER (FORMERLY THE HON. BARBARA FRANKLAND), DAUGHTER OF BARONESS ZOUCHE AND SIR FREDERICK FRANKLAND.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

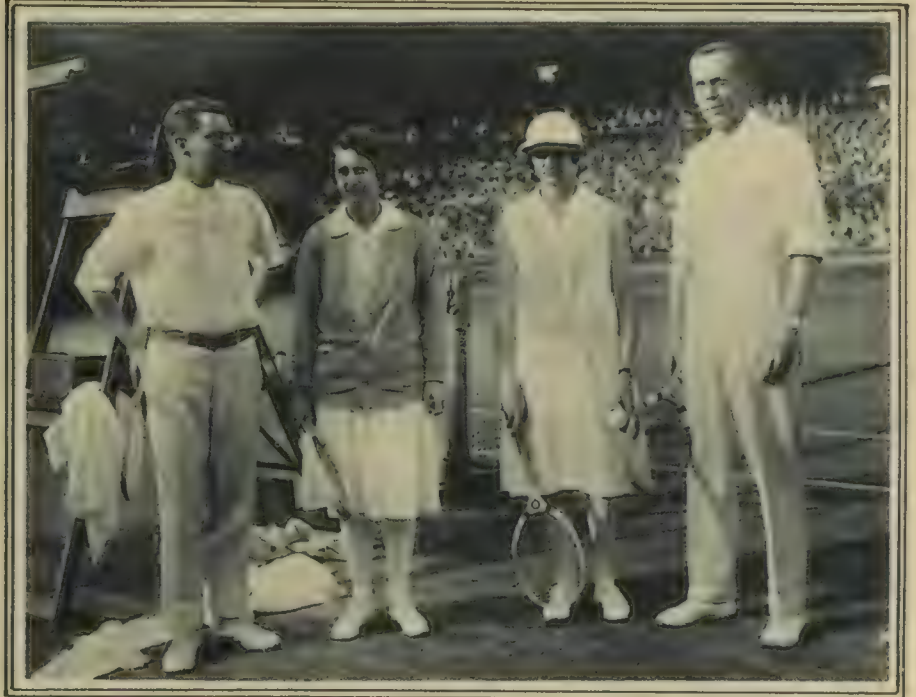
A. E. L.

WIMBLEDON'S JUBILEE MEETING: THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS AND FINALISTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., P. AND A., AND "TIMES."



THE FRENCH WINNERS OF THE MEN'S DOUBLES: J. BRUGNON (LEFT) AND H. COCHET LEAVING THE COURT AFTER THEY HAD DEFEATED H. O. KINSEY AND V. RICHARDS (U.S.A.).

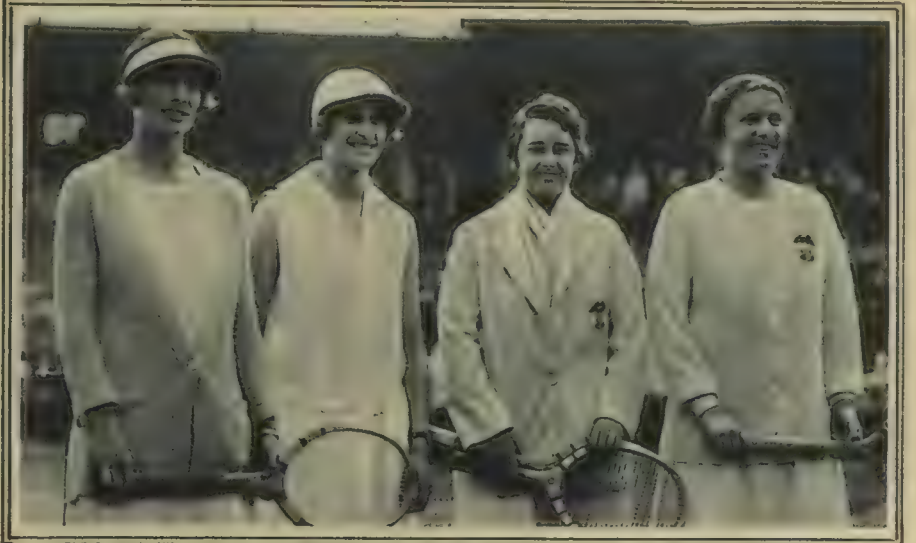


THE FINALISTS IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: H. O. KINSEY AND MISS MARY K. BROWNE (U.S.A.); AND MRS. GODFREE (KITTY MCKANE) AND L. A. GODFREE, THE WINNERS.



THE FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S SINGLES: J. BOROTRA (FRANCE; ON LEFT), THE WINNER; WITH H. O. KINSEY (U.S.A.).

The last day of the finals in the Lawn-tennis Championships at Wimbledon—championships made notable by the scratching of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and the rise to fame of Señorita Lili de Alvarez—began and ended with a British victory. The first match, the women's singles, was won by Mrs. Godfree, who thus regained the championship which she won, as Miss McKane, in 1924, and relinquished last year to Mlle. Lenglen. Her victory over Señorita de Alvarez was a great exhibition of pluck and skill. The second English success was when Mrs. Godfree, with her husband, won the mixed doubles final—the last match of the day—from the American pair, Kinsey and Miss Browne. As they had already beaten America's other two "aces," Richards and Miss Ryan, this was more or less anticipated.

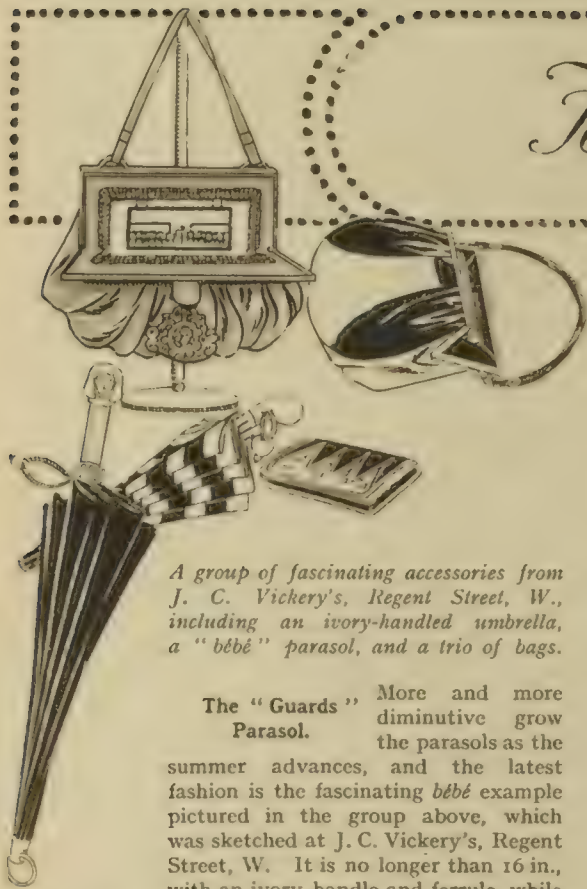


THE FINALISTS IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: MISS E. L. COLYER AND MRS. GODFREE (GREAT BRITAIN); WITH MISS MARY K. BROWNE AND MISS RYAN, THE WINNERS.



THE FINALISTS IN THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: SENORITA E. DE ALVAREZ (SPAIN; ON LEFT) AND MRS. L. A. GODFREE (GREAT BRITAIN), THE WINNER.

Fashions & Fancies



A group of fascinating accessories from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., including an ivory-handled umbrella, a "bébé" parasol, and a trio of bags.

The "Guards" More and more diminutive grow the parasols as the summer advances, and the latest fashion is the fascinating *bébé* example pictured in the group above, which was sketched at J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. It is no longer than 16 in., with an ivory handle and ferrule, while the striped silk cover is in the Guards' famous colours of dark red and blue. The price is £3 18s. 6d., but similar models with plain colours are £2 15s., and those with composition handles in lovely colours are only 30s. By the way, race-card cases to match are also obtainable, with compartments for cigarettes, money, the new large race-card, etc. The umbrella with the carved sphinx head and malacca stick costs £4 18s. 6d. Then there are attractive bags for all occasions. The large "hold everything" at the top is of soft brown leather, with a mock tortoiseshell frame, and contains a useful large mirror. The price is £4 7s. 6d., and there are others of the same genre for £3 3s. The pigskin and black seal handbag on the right costs 55s.; and 52s. 6d. will secure the tiny pochette in black and blue suède, strikingly patterned with gold wire. It is equally effective for afternoon and evening.

"Aertex" Underwear for Holiday Sports. Everyone knows the danger of getting overheated at summer sports and then catching cold. A splendid preventive is to wear "Aertex" underwear, which is pretty, practical, and is made to fit perfectly without any suggestion of cramping. The "Aertex" fabric has a mesh-like pattern which forms an air-circulating system, permitting free access of cooling air to every pore of the body without any chill. Pictured below on this page are camiknickers and nightdress of "Aertex" and there are many other garments of the same make, obtainable from all the leading outfitters. An illustrated catalogue giving full details will be sent free on request to all who apply to the Cellular Clothing Company, 72, Fore Street, E.C.

Summer Outfits for Little People. During the holidays, small folk need an incredibly large equipment of clothes, and pictured on this page are some practical and inexpensive affairs from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. The small maiden on the left is wearing a blue-and-white checked gingham, costing 11s. 9d.; and in the centre is a gaily-patterned "Tobralco" dress and knickers of white tricoline bound with blue, price 16s. 9d. There are also charming lawn frocks available for 4s. 11d., and cotton frocks and knickers for 10s. 9d.; while pretty linen sets (frocks and knickers) can be secured for 8s. 11d. For grown-ups there are many lingerie bargains in the adjacent department. Pretty floral voile nighties can be secured for 10s. 9d., with camiknickers to match for 5s. 11d.; while shadow-proof princess petticoats are available for 16s. 9d. 14s. 9d. will secure a combined petticoat and knickers in artificial silk.

A Sale in Belfast. Every woman in search of bargains in household linen should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for the

DEALING WITH A MOTLEY OF SUBJECTS WHICH ALL INTEREST THE MODERN WOMAN, FROM FRIVOLOUS BAGS AND UNBRELLAS TO THE MORE SERIOUS PROBLEMS OF PRACTICAL LINGERIE AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER OUTFITS.

catalogue of their present sale of Irish linens. Bleached linen tea or supper cloths, half the usual prices, are offered at 4s. each, 36 in. by 36 in.; and napkins to match are 8s. 4d. the half-dozen, 22 in. by 22 in. Linen sheets of specially chosen yarn can be obtained for 24s. 10d. a pair, really splendid bargains; and cotton sheets are at 9s. 11d. a pair. Then linen hemstitched handkerchiefs with embroidered initials and spray can be secured for 5s. 1d. a dozen; and men's linen cambric ones with borders are 15s. 3d. a dozen. Strong lace curtains at 7s. 6d. a pair, 3 yards long, are other sound bargains.

33 per Cent. off Winter Prices. Splendid opportunities of buying furs at summer prices are offered by the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., during their present sale. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request. Thirty-three and one-third per cent. is allowed off usual winter prices. A limited number of seal coney coats trimmed with natural Australian opossum are available for 12½ guineas, and beaver coney coats with ruched collars can be secured for 12 guineas. Models of moleskin trimmed with smoked grey fur, 34 inches long, are available for 18 guineas; and a few beautiful mink marmot coats are available for 28 guineas each. Animal stoles in natural red fox can be secured for



Three useful summer outfits for little people from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. Black and white checked gingham makes the frock on the left, patterned Tobralco the one in the centre, and while tricoline faced with blue the neat tunic and knickers below.

5½ guineas, and in grey fox for 6 guineas.

Write for a Catalogue. Everyone will find gilt-edged investments in the present sale at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and no time should be lost before applying for the catalogue. In the sphere of household linen there are reversible woven check tablecloths, 36 in. by 36 in., available for 2s. 6d. each, and pure linen sheets for 39s. 6d. a pair. Patchwork leather reversible motor cushions are only 5s. each, and hair velvet rugs in artistic designs can be secured for 9s. 11d. About 250 jumpers in wool cashmere and silk, originally ranging from 39s. 6d. to 59s. 6d., are to be cleared at 15s. each; and Japanese showerproof parasols are only 4s. 11d., ideal for the seaside and river. Washable doeskin gloves at 4s. 8d., and pure silk stockings at 6s. 11d. (usually 13s. 6d.) a pair, are other excellent bargains. There is also a great clearance to be made in the sphere of hat trimmings and ribbons at bargain prices. Lovely velvet ribbon, 4½ in. wide, is offered at 1s. 11d. a yard, usually 4s. 11d., and black satin ribbon at 10½d.

A Catalogue on Request. A multitude of bargains are to be found in the present sale catalogue of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. It will be sent post free on request. There are beautiful beaded evening frocks and figured ninons reduced to 4 guineas from 6 and 8 guineas, while well-tailored wool velour coats are 31s. 6d. with or without fur collars. Small size bargains include afternoon frocks, originally 6 to 8 guineas, offered at 84s. each, and two-piece suits with coats of repp and frocks of crêpe-de-Chine are £6. Then the entire stock of model gowns has been arranged in four groups and is offered at £5, £7, £8, and £10 each.

A Non-Official Sale. Although visitors from abroad will find new models and fashions as usual at H. J. Nicoll's, Regent Street, W., during this month, yet a certain amount of the past London season's stock is being cleared at the same time at wonderfully reduced prices. A catalogue is issued, and from it may be gleaned details of the bargains obtainable. Coats and skirts can be secured from 4 guineas, and two-piece suits from 5 guineas, while rain-coats are offered at the modest sum of 31s. 6d. each.



Pretty and practical is this Aertex lingerie, which is remarkably hygienic. Aertex is a fabric with a mesh-like pattern which forms an air-circulating system, allowing perfect coolness without chill. It is obtainable practically everywhere.

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This distinctive jumper suit is fashioned of Celanese marocain in a new wine-red nuance trimmed with ivory. Celanese is an artificial silk fabric which has a wonderful lustre, sheen, and suppleness.



Ideal for holidays by the sea is this charming jumper suit carried out in white Celanese marocain with a pleated skirt. It is obtainable at all the leading outfitters.



A fashionable two-piece model carried out in black and white Celanese marocain. The frock introduces inverted pleats, and the coat a long scarf collar.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

Important features of this delightful jumper suit of Celanese marocain in the new champignon nuance are the bow and buttons at the back, and the pretty embroidery round the hem.

Another view of the same jumper suit of champignon Celanese marocain accompanied with a plissé shoulder cape at the back, edged with embroidery to match the skirt.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

THE London Opera Syndicate, which is responsible for this year's Covent Garden Grand Opera season, as it was for the two previous years, has every reason to congratulate itself. In the first



"RACING CLIPPERS (THE 'LIGHTNING' RACING THE 'RED JACKET')," BY MONTAGUE DAWSON: A REPRODUCTION FROM A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, SIGNED BY THE ARTIST.

Our illustration is reproduced from a first state impression, signed by the painter, of a beautiful colour facsimile of the original painting. The facsimile is published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, Ltd., 10, Clare Street, Bristol, and is sold in two states (both in colour)—(1) signed, stamped, and limited to 250 impressions, £4 4s.; (2) £1 11s. 6d. It forms a companion picture to "Rolling Home," by the same artist.

Copyright 1926 by Frost and Reed, Ltd. (Bristol), and in the United States.

place, it performed its advertised programme to the letter. This in itself is an achievement, and an achievement sufficiently rare in the operatic world to deserve special notice. In the second place, the repertory which the Syndicate presented during the seven weeks from May 10 to July 2 was selected with great discrimination and good taste. There was only one serious blemish from the musical point of view—that was the production of Massenet's

feeble and commonplace "Thaïs," an opera which is one of the worst works of a very third-rate composer.

"Thaïs" was obviously selected to display the gifts of Mme. Jeritza, but these were shown to much better advantage in the "Gioielli della Madonna" of Wolf-Ferrari—an opera which deserves a measure of life for its sheer blatant flamboyancy in the popular Italian style. I know of nothing in music or drama which gives the quintessence of Neapolitan Italy with its lurid colour, its crude vitality, its superstitious credulity, and its animal cruelty so vividly as this opera. The music and the libretto fit like hand and glove, and the first scene, with its religious processions, its irruptions of brigands in straw hats and striped flannels, and its Carmen-like love-making, is an extraordinary spectacle. Wolf-Ferrari's music combines Teutonic solidity of harmony with an Italian tunefulness, and is thoroughly efficient and stimulating.

The part of the young Italian Carmen who is fascinated by the jewels stolen from the Madonna by one of her lovers, and wears them to captivate the leader of the brigands, is one that suited Mme. Jeritza better than any other of the rôles in which we have seen her at Covent Garden this season. She acted magnificently, and was equally good as the supremely wily coquette in the scene with the brigands and as the superstitious, terror-stricken, yet fascinated child of the people in the scene where the stolen jewels are laid at her feet by her demented lover. As a vivid picture of Southern Italian life, "I Gioielli della Madonna" has distinct merits; it also has the merit of never being tedious or dull, though it is often blatant and vulgar, and is without any musical distinction. It is essentially a theatre piece, an evening's entertainment; but whereas "Thaïs" is a dull theatre piece, "I Gioielli" is a lively one.

A number of the best items this season were reserved for the last two weeks. Among these was Ravel's delightful comedy, "L'Heure Espagnole." This is one of the most perfect operas in existence. The number of one-act operas is not very great, and double or triple bills have always been rare at Covent Garden. In the early years of the present century, Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" were invariably played on the same evening, and made up the only double bill that had any permanency. But the post-war double bill of Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole" and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" is musically a far better evening's fare. The Ravel comedy is exquisitely composed. The score is one of the best things Ravel has ever

(Continued on page 90.)



AFTER THEIR WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. MAURICE WHARTON JACKSON.

The marriage took place, on June 29, of Miss Florence Edwards, younger daughter of Mr. C. Lewis Edwards, C.B.E., of Loudwater, Bucks, Chief Accountant for the L.N.E.R., and Mr. Maurice Wharton Jackson, son of Mr. W. Jackson, J.P., of Bourne End.

Photograph by Whitefriars Photo Service.



La Plage du Soleil et des Pyjamas

TO visit the Lido is to realise for the first time how entirely perfect your holiday can be. There are long sunny days upon the gleaming beach. Pyjama teas in the great lounges of world-famed hotels. Dancing upon the cool, zephyr-kissed roof of the Excelsior Palace. And ever and always—the blue of Italian skies to warm your very soul. A holiday indeed!

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The British Grand Prix.

The R.A.C. have now approved the course for the Grand Prix, which will take place at Brooklands on Saturday, Aug. 7. An endeavour has been made to approximate as nearly as possible to the conditions of a road race, and, within the obvious limitations of the track, the Club seems to have succeeded fairly well. How it will all work out in the race remains, of course, to be seen. The competing cars will be started at the point where the finishing straight joins the main track. They will then follow the track round in the ordinary way; but instead of continuing on behind the members' hill on leaving the Byfleet banking, they will come into the finishing straight, in which two obstacles will be placed. These will each consist of three sandbanks, so arranged as to make a complete S bend. Passing through these, the cars will continue on up the slope of the finishing straight to join the main track, and so round again. The race will consist of 110 laps, an approx-

The first of the obstacles referred to above will be placed immediately opposite the south end of the paddock, and the cars should be very fast up to this point, braking hard for the bend. The second obstacle will be 250 yards farther on, and will actually be on the steep slope leading up to the main track. This intermediate stretch should produce some spectacular acceleration performances on the day of the race. The sandbanks will project 70 ft. from the sides of the track, which last is 100 ft. wide at these points, and the distance between each bank forming the turn will be 30 ft. The banks are so spaced as to call for a considerable drop in the maximum speeds of the cars; but the turns are not so slow as to make the race un-

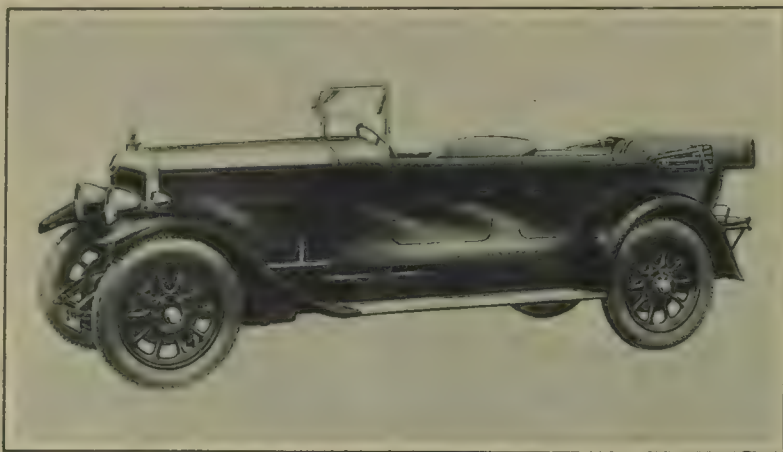
interesting at these points. Speeds of between thirty and forty miles an hour

should be maintained in the bends, and spectators will have ample opportunity for seeing how corner work is accomplished by the world's best racing drivers. The start is to be at 2 p.m., and the race will be declared finished when the first four cars have crossed the winning line. Any cars which have not finished by this time will be placed according to the distances they have covered. There are thirteen entries, and as the race is one of the series comprising the "Championship of the World," it ought to be well attended.

The New Crossley "Six."

For several years past I have consistently foretold that the day of the small six-cylinder motor was bound to come. Before many years are over, the present-day popular "four" will be as far to

seek as two-cylinder engines are in the car practice of 1926. Doubtless I shall be taken to task for this very definite expression; but if anybody thinks I am likely to be proved wrong, let him cast his mind



WITH A BODY BUILT ON GRACEFUL LINES: THE 18-50-H.P. CROSSLEY "SIX" TOURING CAR.



A USEFUL CAR FOR PARK OR PALACE: THE 14-40-H.P. VAUXHALL-BEDFORD SALOON.

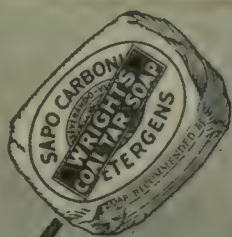
imate distance of 287 miles—quite sufficient to make a very testing race of the event.

back over the developments of the past twenty years. In 1906, the four-cylinder motor was very much where the six is to-day. It was a feature of all the best and most expensive cars; but the ordinary person who wanted an inexpensive car had to be content with a single, or at most a two-cylinder, engine to drive it. The four, thanks to the pioneer work of several of the more progressive firms, was making its entry into the popular cars, precisely as the six is doing to-day. One by one, our leading constructors are turning their attention to the small "six," and every year Olympia shows us yet a few more cars of the type.

Messrs. Crossley Motors recently introduced a new car of the type, of 17.7-h.p. rating, but which they designate the 18-50-h.p. Crossley Six. To my mind, this is just about the right rating for the average purchaser of a car of this type. He always wants something more in the way of performance than he can get from the four-cylinder car of about 14-h.p., and he wants that extra performance to be given him in a better way. It is exactly this that a car

[Continued overleaf.]

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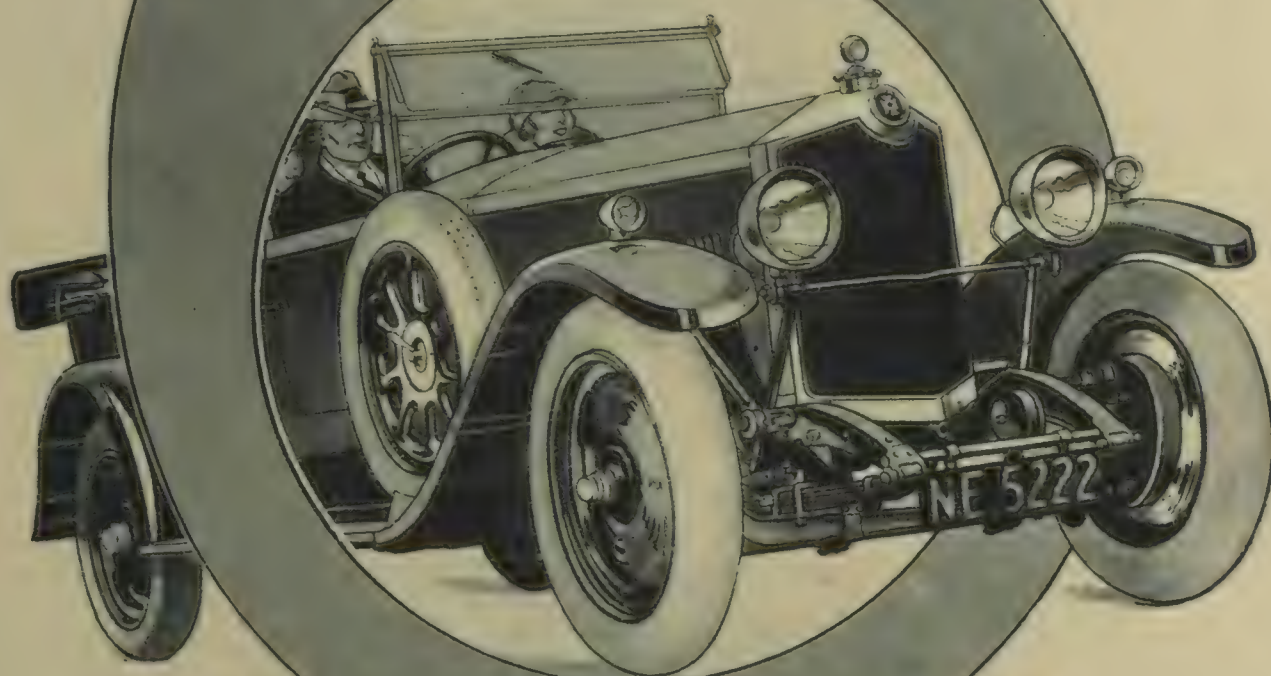
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*Long wheelbase chassis.

Continued.]

of such horse-power rating will give its owner. It is faster, it has better acceleration, it is a better hill-climber, and it is infinitely smoother and sweeter



THE FLOWERY STEEDS AND CHARIOT AT THE FÊTE OF FLOWERS AT GENEVA:
A DECORATED CAR AT THE FÊTES DES FLEURS.

in its running. It is all very well for makers to claim that their fours run like sixes, but the plain truth is that they do not and they cannot. It is axiomatic that the more cylinders you have the more even turning movement you will obtain, and, therefore, the easier the running of the car. (I am predicating, of course, equality of workmanship in the respective cars.) For obvious reasons, cylinders cannot be multiplied indefinitely. I am inclined to think that eight reaches the really practical limit; but the best compromise lies in the six, and if the embodiment of that compromise is along the lines of the new Crossley, then there is and can be nothing of which to complain. I like the car immensely, though I have not tried it on the road yet. It looks good, and in accordance with all we have learned to expect from Crossleys! It is not an expensive car, for it ranges in price from £675 in the case of the touring car, to £895 for a saloon landaulette. A little later on I hope to try the car and to give my impressions of its road performance.

A New Vauxhall Saloon. Whether one owns a closed car or an open is very largely a matter of choice nowadays, since manufacturers have been able so to reduce the cost of the closed body that there is very little in it. As an example, the Vauxhall Company is able to sell the "Bedford" saloon on the 14-40-h.p. chassis at no more than £100 above touring-car price. It is a thoroughly well designed and executed body, leaving nothing wanting in comfort or workmanship, and with a very complete equipment. To my mind, this 14-40-h.p. "Bedford" saloon is one of the best examples of value in the Vauxhall series.

Road Maps Up to Date.

The construction of new arterial roads and the classification and numbering of first and second class highways have made most of our road maps out of date,

so that those who cater for the road traveller in this direction are busily engaged in bringing their maps into line with present requirements. An old favourite of the motorist, the *Autocar* road map of England and Wales, has just come to hand in its revised form. It should find its place in every motorist's library or on the car. Published by Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, Tudor Street, E.C., it can be obtained either mounted on rollers and varnished, or folded in two sections in cloth case, at the quite moderate cost of fifteen shillings.

Those of our readers who are interested in photography might like to know how to be assured of good results irrespective of the price of their camera. A good way is to use Kodak films and send the spool for developing and printing to Messrs. Wallace Heaton, Ltd., of 119, New Bond Street, or 47, Berkeley Street. Beautiful examples of their developing and printing from amateurs' negatives are on record, and their prices are moderate. All spools received in

the morning are developed, printed, and posted to the customer the same day. More time is, of course, required for enlargements. The development of cine films is also undertaken.



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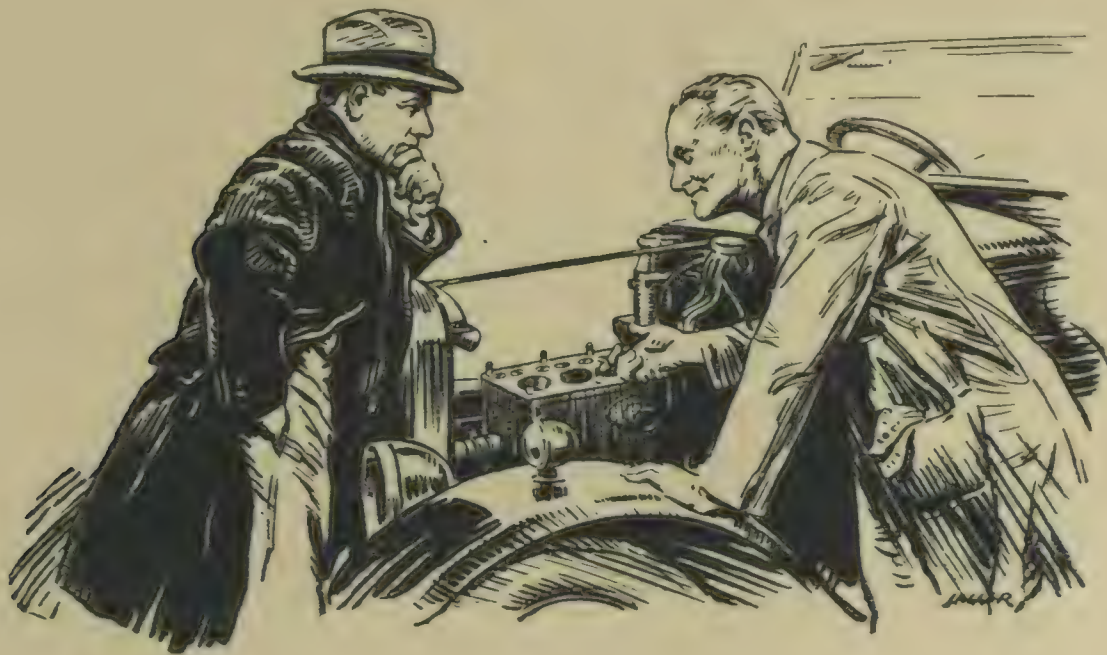
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“BP”

The British Petrol

When touring in France ask for “‘BP’ Essence Energic” and in Belgium ‘BP’ Motor Spirit, and you will be sure of getting ‘BP’ quality.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 84.)

done, for it is economical, supple, and full of ingenious and attractive-sounding detail. There is in this music none of the elaborate straining after effect of so much of Ravel's later work. It is all delightfully easy. The composer was fortunate in his libretto, for one cannot imagine a setting more congenial to a French composer than a clock and watchmaker's shop with its variety of time-pieces and mechanical toys ready at hand to provide all sorts of ideas for instrumental colour. Ravel's ability is shown by the extreme skill with which he has avoided overdoing this clockwork element. He has also set the pointed and amusing dialogue to musical phrases that fit the words exactly in their natural accentuation.

The Belgian soprano, Fanny Heldy, made her first appearance in London as Manon in Massenet's opera, but she was even more successful as Concepcion, the intriguing Spanish clockmaker's wife, in "L'Heure Espagnole"—a part which suited her particularly well. She was gay, alluring, spiteful, quick-tempered, with delightful facility, and her voice is that clear, slightly hard type of French light soprano which has a peculiar attraction of its own, especially when it is as pure and true in intonation as Mlle. Heldy's is. As Manon one would have liked a little more expressiveness. The phrasing of M. Anseau as the young des Grieux, and his delicate *piano* singing in the second act, made Mlle. Heldy's singing seem occasionally hard and insensitive in its clarity.

The Puccini one-act opera is on broader lines than the Ravel, and the farcical situation of the dead man whose relatives blow out the candles round his bed when they find he has left them nothing, and call in the rogue, Gianni Schicchi, to help them defeat his will, is adapted to musical expression with

astonishing skill by Puccini. The outstanding success was Signor Badini's performance as Gianni Schicchi. He seemed to sing much better in this part than as the Figaro of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." This delightful opera was revived during the last week of the season with that fine artist, Edouard Cotreuil, as the Don Basilio in place of Chaliapin, who took the part at the first performance. To follow Chaliapin in any rôle is extraordinarily difficult, but M. Cotreuil came out of the ordeal well,

it in date of composition, has a fine first and a very beautiful last act, but in between there are deserts of claptrap; the earlier operas, such as "Traviata" and, particularly, "Un Ballo in Maschera," have more lovely moments, but are thinner and more uneven in quality. "Falstaff" is first-rate from beginning to end. There is not a weak patch in it anywhere. Its most remarkable qualities are the vitality, verve, and buoyancy of the music and the wonderful economy and variety of the scoring.

The orchestration is more flexible and sparkling than that of any composer since Mozart. In fact, this opera definitely puts Verdi in the rank of the world's great composers.

The performance of "Falstaff," which was repeated on the last night of the season, was one of the best things in the Syndicate's repertory. The Italian baritone, Mariano Stabile, who came with a great reputation from La Scala, but who had proved slightly disappointing as Don Giovanni, was a really great Falstaff. He sang and acted with a gusto and humour, combined with a care for the details of gesture and movement and the refinements of singing, which made his performance an altogether outstanding one. The minor parts were all well played, although one or two were of inferior vocal quality; but the orchestra, under Signor Vincenzo Bellezza, was magnificent. Bellezza is a superb conductor, and during the last two weeks of the season, when the orchestra and conductor had had time to get used to one another, he has been showing that he is the stuff of which great conductors are made.

For the first time in the history of Covent Garden since the war there has not been a falling-off in quality when the Italian operas succeeded the German. "Falstaff" was not given with quite the perfection of *ensemble* of Bruno Walter's performance of "Figaro," but it was good enough to be described as first-rate.

W. J. TURNER.



CIRCLING EUROPE ON A MILITARY BIPLANE: CAPTAIN STANOVSKY
AT WADDON AERODROME.

Captain Stanovsky, a Czechoslovakian pilot, recently reached Waddon Aerodrome in the course of a flight round Europe on a military biplane built by the Aero Company at Praha. The machine is fitted with a six-cylinder 240-h.p. Perun engine, and was lubricated throughout the whole of the flight by Mobiloil.

and his singing, as pure singing, had nothing to fear from the comparison with the great Russian bass.

But perhaps the gem of the last two weeks of the season was Verdi's "Falstaff," which had not been performed in London since 1919. Although composed when Verdi was over eighty, it is undoubtedly his masterpiece. "Otello," which preceded

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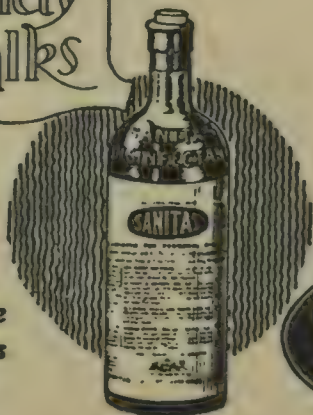


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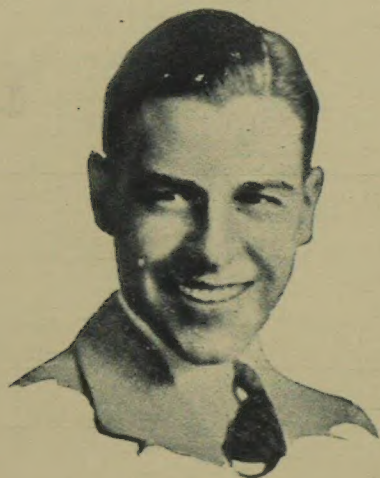
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Teeth clouded with the dingy film
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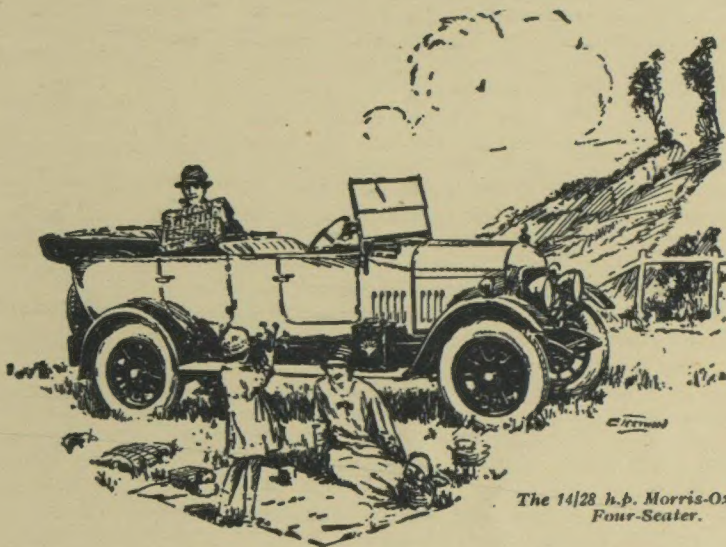
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A YEAR or so ago, "Monte" suddenly flashed upon the scene as an ideal semi-tropical spot whereat to spend one's summer holidays. Monte, in short, had been discovered for the months of June, July, and August—discovered because it proved itself neither too hot at mid-day nor too cool in the evening; discovered because it provided constant sunshine from the early hours of dawn, when a cloudless sun floats up out of that bluest of seas, the Mediterranean, and sails across that clear blue sky until it slips out of sight away over a mountain top; discovered because it provided all the pastimes of a summer resort and synchronised a small village and a super-cosmopolitan city.

Let us look at the Monte Carlo of summer-time, and discover for ourselves how and why it appeals to so many people as a happy spot for one to spend a fortnight, a month, or as long as one will. Outdoor recreations abound. There is golf at the top of Mont-Agel, where one may go to play nine holes at least over a gorse-strewn course that golf enthusiasts commend as equal to the best in Scotland.

La Festa, a smart tennis club, provides lovers of this game with well-kept courts in the heart of "Monte," while further down along the coast one may meander leisurely and take a dip in the warm sea, and respond luxuriously to a sun-drenching in the solarium, or, by preference, sip an apéritif there under the gay canopies of the terrace with others drinking in the rays of the sun. One of the new ideas now progressing is the pretentious beach and pavilion along the coast for some three-quarters of a mile, at La Vieille, where there will be twenty-five tennis courts, a "Wimbledon of the Riviera" to invite the world's champions for summer tournaments and to provide ample space for the amateur. Just as in any small sea-coast village or hamlet, one may go fishing in Monte Carlo. Yachting, on a perfect sea, is but another lure for pleasant recreation, while others

bargain with the Monégasques to hire a motor-launch to cruise out from the harbour to neighbouring shores.

Seeing Monte Carlo and Monaco—one and the same to most of us—provides many days of amusement and educational interest, from the lovely gardens, such as one that is terraced down from the Moyenne Corniche to the main road by the sea, to the Oceanographical Museum and Aquarium; from the quaint little church, named for the patron Saint, St. Devote, to the time-old ramparts where the pirates once hid. Daily trips to places round about lure the sight-seeing traveller to quaint little villages that date from Roman civilisation, to newly born towns snuggled high on a plateau on a mountain side.

So this is Monte Carlo for the summer—not wholly like the "Monte" of the winter, but a restful, peaceful place under the sun. And when one thinks of expense, or rather the want of it, one feels amazed to learn that in "Monte" one may take pension in the very heart of the city for as little as thirty-five francs a day.

CONSTANCE E. MILLER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ROOKERY NOOK," AT THE ALDWYCH.

THE Aldwych keeps up its reputation for good farce, and "Rookery Nook," the work of Ben Travers, looks like running as long as the most successful of its predecessors. That droll comedian, Mr. Ralph Lynn, is asked to do the same sort of things as he has done before; but what matters it so long as he does them as amusingly as ever? He is cast for the rôle of a newly married man, ultra-timid in his propriety, upon whom intrudes, on a night when his wife is absent, a runaway young minx, dressed in pyjamas. Her request to be sheltered until morning is granted, but Gerald Popkiss is not in his own house, and so the secret of her presence leaks out, with the result that several persons, including Gerald's wife, are anxious to know what will be found the other side of a certain door. Play-

goers who know their Ralph Lynn can imagine the picture of guilt his Gerald presents, though perfectly innocent, and the deadly eloquence, to his own disadvantage, of his every silence. With Mr. Lynn are Mr. Tom Walls, Mr. Robertson Hara, Miss Ethel Coleridge, and Miss Mary Brough—all in excellent form, Miss Brough having a gem of a part as a talkative charwoman; and it should be added that the nymph condemned throughout the play to the wearing of pyjamas finds a piquant representative in Miss Winifred Shotter.

"THERE'S NO FOOL," AT THE GLOBE.

The latest piece staged for Miss Margaret Bannerman's benefit, an adaptation from the French of Pierre Wolff which Stanley Bell entitles "There's No Fool," has all the air of being a one-act play expanded into three acts. At any rate, its theme is of the one-act play type. You can see the title such a one-act play would have had—"A Day in the Life of M. Farbrege." That day opens with a duel in which a novelist brings blood on M. Farbrege's wrist. The pinked man returns to his flat to be comforted by rival lady-loves whom he agrees to see later. He is visited by the first woman he ever loved, now white-haired, who solicits his interest in a "nephew," and the interview is carried through with much Gallic sentiment. Finally, he has a dinner engagement at which he hopes to capture the affections of charming Mme. Remon, but while he is called away for a time his son George appears from Spain and the old *viveur* has to register a defeat. There is no reason why more than an act should have been occupied with such material. Instead, M. Farbrege is supposed to take defeat badly, his son is made tearful, and the charmer is shown anxious to let the father down lightly, and so the story is spun out tediously. Nor can it be said that there are any out-of-the-way opportunities for Miss Bannerman herself or for her two chief supporters, Mr. Bertram Wallis and Mr. Leonard Upton. There is, however, a scene for Miss Martita Hunt in which she scores.

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(Under the Rules of the Association.)

President for the Year:

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6 0	6 0	3 9 0	2 11 0	10 6	9 0	9 1 6	8 14 0	13 6	10 6	13 11 9	10 1 0	13 6	10 6	13 11 9	10 1 0
7 6	6 0	4 6 3	3 3 9	10 6	10 6	10 11 6	7 16 3	13 6	12 0	15 10 6	11 9 6	15 0	9 0	12 18 9	9 11 3
7 6	7 6	5 8 0	3 19 9	12 0	6 0	6 18 0	5 2 0	15 0	9 0	15 2 0	11 3 3	15 0	9 0	15 2 0	11 3 3
9 0	6 0	5 3 6	3 16 6	12 0	7 6	8 12 6	6 7 6	15 0	10 6	15 2 0	11 3 3	15 0	10 6	15 2 0	11 3 3
9 0	7 6	6 9 6	4 15 9	12 0	9 0	10 7 0	7 13 0	15 0	12 0	17 5 0	12 15 0	15 0	12 0	17 5 0	12 15 0
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10 6	7 6	7 11 0	5 11 6	13 6	9 0	11 13 0	8 12 3	18 0	12 0	20 14 0	15 6 0	18 0	12 0	20 14 0	15 6 0

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9 0	6 0	2 2 0	10 6	9 0	3 13 6	13 6	10 6	5 10 3
9 0	7 6	2 12 6	10 6	10 6	4 5 9	13 6	12 0	6 6 0
9 0	9 0	3 3 0	12 0	9 0	4 4 0	15 0	12 0	7 0 0
10 6	7 6	3 1 3	12 0	10 6	4 18 0	16 6	12 0	7 14 0

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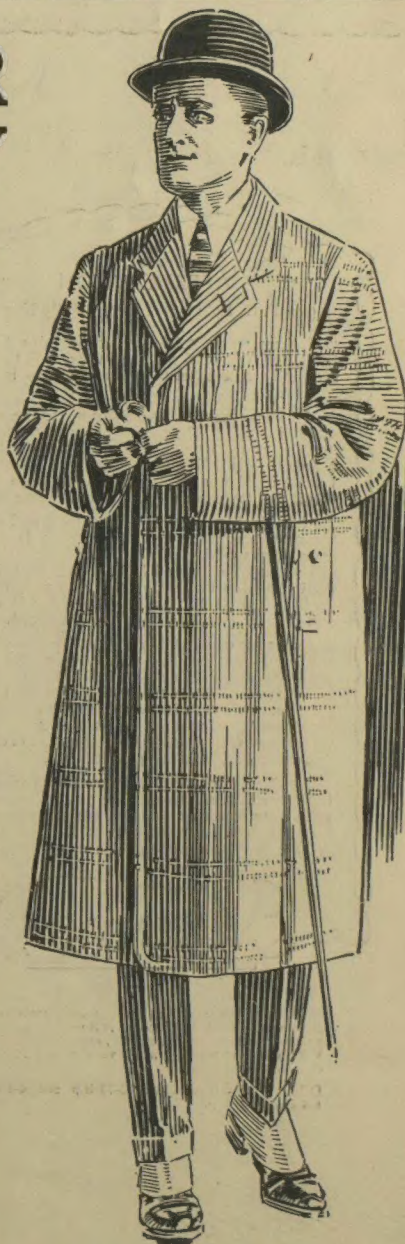
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

MINDS AND MANNERS À LA HOLLYWOOD.

IN the controversy that has been raging throughout the film world over the American and the home-grown article—a controversy into which I have no intention of entering here—the phrase has cropped up over and over again: "The British Empire wants British films." Behind this cry lies far more than patriotism. It has nothing to do with picture-politics, at rock-bottom. It is born of the desire to carry to the far ends of the earth a fair picture of the white man's customs and life rather than *feuilletons* of Hollywood fashions. Not only in the Empire, but in all countries where the coloured man recognises the overlordship of the white—nay, in all countries where a difference of race means also a wide difference of outlook—Hollywood fashions are supplying the main record of our minds and our manners.

Now a great deal of good comes out of Hollywood. I, who have enjoyed so much that their studios have given us, am the first to admit it. Like the little girl in the story who, when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid, their best is very fine indeed; their worst...! And, in addition, Hollywood's mind and Hollywood's manners are not representative of the white races. They are all their own, the outcome of huge salaries and the close conglomeration of temperamental "stars." Moreover, the Hollywood producer, when he thinks he has hit on an effective bit of business or a sensational stunt, is inclined to repeat it *ad nauseam*. It is not so very long ago that each successive film I went to see included a swimming-pool orgy, till one might be excused for thinking that every wealthy individual in America preferred to give his dinner parties at the edge of his private swimming-bath, wherein maidens disported themselves almost as scantily clad as the nymph "mit nodings on" in Hans Breitmann's famous ballad, whilst the *jeunesse dorée* gathered at the festivity generally wound up by plunging into the water in pursuit of the fair but fiery heroine. And if perchance this did not happen, the butt of the party invariably took an undesired header. Hollywood, I believe, is partial to this sort of party, just as it runs to interior architecture that bursts forth into nightmare excrescences wherever possible, mural decorations that represent the careful housewife's idea of a "well-covered wallpaper" magnified a million times, cushions

of gargantuan size, and curtains that the psychoanalyst would call an index to the mind. If you are a vamp, for instance, your curtains form a giant spider's web; if you are merely rich, your curtains are of pearls; and so on. At one period, I remember, there was quite a run on elaborately wrought metal gates—presumably of gold—that hid the heroine's silken couch behind their intricate tracery. Now I am quite prepared to believe that Hollywood goes to bed through golden gateways and that various other people in Europe and America have a *penchant* for gates, but when film after film chronicles the same orgies, the same swimming-pools, piles the same Pelion of pomp on the same Ossa of ostentation, and these same films go forth to the Dominions and the Dependencies, to China, to Japan, to the East Indies—all over the world, in fact—I ask myself what sort of an idea of our minds and manners is being created? I do not intend to probe the question of morals—that is too big a subject for the moment—but what about manners?

In a recent film starring that delightful and admirable actress, Pauline Frederick, called "The Nest," the home represented belonged to a wealthy and, so we were given to understand, a well-bred man. Apart from wall-papers of Early Victorian exuberance, we were confronted with a parlourmaid who seemed never to have visualised a tray as a vehicle for cards or letters; a mistress who, about to dine with her daughter, informed the maid that "she was going to have dinner with Susan"; and the son of those same wealthy, well-bred parents chewing gum the while he conversed with his mother. America's sons may chew gum in palaces and cottages and in the studios of Hollywood. Anyhow, gum-chewing young cubs invade the screens of the world as representing the male youth of the white races. The free-and-easy domestic etiquette of Hollywood may have its bright sides, but it seems a pity to broadcast it to far Cathay and India's coral strand. I well remember a charming woman home for a holiday from a remote plantation in Java describing with pleasure the happy results of her servant-training. The numerous house "boys," she said, had responded splendidly to her suggestions. They were taking a great pride in running the house and serving at table according to English ideas. "Running the bungalow on English lines," she called it. Their introduction to American film manners might, one thinks, prove rather devastating. As a matter of fact, I gathered from this same source the information

that the sort of film shown in the kinemas there was blamed, rightly or wrongly, for encouraging amongst the natives a contempt for their white masters. I can well imagine that a prolonged dose of bathing-pool orgies would not exactly foster respect for the white man. It is a question that undoubtedly gives one furiously to think.

The influence of the picture-theatre cannot be over-estimated. Its educational powers are vast; that, of course, is an admitted fact. But do we give enough thought to the further fact that the products of the picture-theatre penetrate to places where the spoken and the written word carry small weight, and that the studios of Hollywood are furnishing the chief record of the white man's mind and manners?

One of the season's fixtures that is never disappointing, and defies the vagaries of the weather, is the Summer Number of *Punch*. If we say that this year's issue is better than ever, the reply will doubtless be that it always is. The alluring coloured cover shows that "Mr. Punch," inspired, perhaps, by the Wimbledon Jubilee, has been bitten with the prevailing craze for lawn-tennis; while good dog Toby has been bitten simultaneously with a craze for his frolicsome master's trousers. Looking within, we find that the same game has supplied "Mr. Punch's" comic artists with many amusing ideas, as also have cricket, golf, croquet, archery, fishing, yachting, motoring, and bathing. In the colour section we like particularly the "Holiday Makers of History" (Ptolemy, Caligula, Louis XV., and the Prince Regent), "Degrees in Entertainment," and Bernard Partridge's political caricatures entitled "The Westminster Follies Cabaret Troupe."

Readers of this paper, in which so much prominence is given to discoveries in art and archaeology, will welcome the first number of the *British Museum Quarterly*, for May 1926, a new illustrated periodical issued by the trustees for the purpose of recording recent gifts and acquisitions, results of excavations, temporary exhibitions at the Museum, and announcements of its publications. It is intended for the general public as well as the expert. This first number contains thirty-two pages (crown 4to) of letterpress, with sixteen plates, and future numbers will be of similar size. The printing and reproduction, done by the Oxford University Press, are of the highest quality. The price is 2s. a number (post free, 2s. 3d.), or 8s. (post free) as the annual subscription for four parts. Subscriptions may be sent to the Director, British Museum, W.C.1.

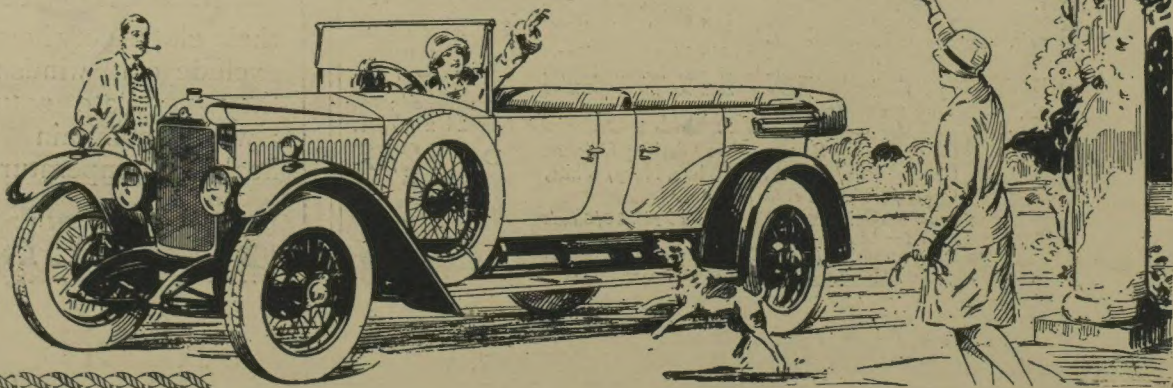
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The car rode comfortably over many stretches of bad road I met. The combination of springs, shock absorbers and sensibly inflated balloon tyres makes me award the car good marks for its suspension. I tried it in every seat and it pleased throughout. The steering is light, absolutely correct and steady, and the whole effort of driving and control makes little physical call.

The brakes, mechanically operated four-wheel and independent rear, were another superior feature. Both were powerful and gave smooth progressive retardation. Altogether a most satisfactory family car, a thoroughly good product."

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